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V.

FROM BAYREUTH TO MANNHEIM.

The Meanest City in Germany—How Wagner Came to Establish His Opera in Bayreuth—Something About Richard Wagner and His Works—Two Letters from Mr. Tibbitts—From Nuremberg to Heilbronn—The Legend of Katchen, of Heilbronn—The Suabians—Back to Mannheim.

Bayreuth is the one place in Germany of which nothing good can be said. It is a very old City, and a very mean one. It has improved in cleanness every year since it was commenced, and being very old it is very mean.

An Indiana man, quarreling with a very small man, said: "Sam, the only good thing that kin be said uv you is, there ain't much uv ye. Ef ye wuz uv a average size ye'd be the blastedest meanest man in the State."

If Bayreuth was larger it would be the only good thing that can be said of it is, it is small. It possesses one thing only of interest, one thing only that attracts any attention, and that is Richard Wagner, the great musical composer. Take Wagner out of Bayreuth and it would be moss-grown in a year and entirely forgotten in 10.

WAGNER'S CAREER.

Wagner believed when a young man that the ideas under which the composers of the day were working, were entirely wrong, and he determined to found a new school. He proposed to tell the story of his dramas in music, vocal and instrumental, and to make the music interpret his thought more than words. He was a very bold man, which he had demonstrated in other lines of life than music. He was a Liberal in '48 and fought behind the barricades in Dresden, for which he was exiled. He lived in Paris, Switzerland and Italy till some turn in the wheel enabled him to return to his home.

Like all reformers he was the subject of persecution, ridicule and opposition of all kinds. His methods were jeered at, he was pronounced a mere dreamer without a definite purpose, or the ability to carry one out. The musical journals of Europe made him a standing jest, theaters refused to take his works, and he had a very hard time of it all around. The opponents of Wagner made a very great mistake in supposing him to be a quantity. A mere nobody could not have evoked so much comment. They should have known that whoever is opposed vigorously has something in him to oppose, and so it turned out.

The King of Bavaria, a devotee of music, either from a conviction that Wagner was a genius, or from a whim, patronized him, and the world was compelled, at last, to give him a hearing. Then the eccentricity of the musical genius came to the surface. He demanded a theater built especially for the proper production of his works, and the King gave him unlimited money. By this time all the Cities of Germany wanted him. Berlin, Vienna, Dresden, Munich, all offered him anything for the lease of his theater, but he turned a deaf ear to all of them. He determined to make the world come to him,—he would not go to the world. And so he selected Bayreuth, the meanest and most wretched of all the Cities of Germany, and built the most wonderful theater on the continent.

There's no reason why it should have been built here. The hotel accommodations are of the vilest, the theater is a mile away from the City, the railways coming into it are detestable,—in short he could have found no place so unsuitable.

WHY HE CHOSE BAYREUTH.

The explanation of the selection of this place is easy. Wagner knew that he had power, and that he could make the lovers of Europe come wherever he chose. He determined to gratify his own pride, and punish his former revilers at one operation. So he hunted all over Germany to find the worst place in it for his theater. He came to Bayreuth, hated the City over and slept in the best room of the best hotel one night. It was the hotel that turned the scale in favor of Bayreuth. He went to bed undressed, but he woke up—or rather got up. No one ever slept any in a Bayreuth bed—and he said to himself, 'This settles it. If people will come to this miserable hole, and endure these infernal fleas twice to hear my operas, it is a place such as no man on earth ever recognized. Here I stand."

And so he built his theater at Bayreuth, and people do come not only from Germany, but France, England and even from far away America, and put up with the wretched hotels, the miserable extortion and the horrible accommodations, to hear the greatest of all great musical delights, an opera by the greatest of all masters properly produced.

This symbolizes the true history of the establishment of the great theater of Bayreuth.

Then to further test his power, the great Wagner put the price of seats at the neat figure of 30 marks ($7.50), and the exception is made in the rule. King and Kaiser pay just the same as the humblest citizen, for Mr. Wagner has a most lofty contempt for rank and blood. He only recognizes genius.

Even at this price, added to the fright and cost of getting to his theater, and the amount of physical, moral and mental wear and tear of saying in the infernal city, every seat is always taken a long time in advance.

And it pays to do it; that is, if you have a taste that way. There is in Wagner a combination of power that no other man possesses. His theory is that in the opera the eye as well as the ear, must be cater to the proper appreciation of music; that to properly tell a story and to give an idea the art of the poet, the musician, the painter and machinist, must all be combined. He reaches out for everything that will be of use to him, and does not scorn the most humble help that does everything into service. Even the seats in the theater are so arranged that the hearer is comfortable, and in the proper frame, physically to enjoy himself. Wagner requires you to sit one hour and 40 minutes for a single act and he does not want the attention of his hearers diverted by any discomfort.

A part of no mean order, he does everything connected with his works. He writes the libretto, he composes the music to it, he invents the machinery, designs the scenic effects, and then he harmonizes, personally, the singers and orchestra, that they may render *his* idea of what it is. His stage sets all develop the poetry and music, and he considers the one as not less important than the other parts of his great idea.

Wagner's central thought is to make a tone tell a story and make an impression without words. He invokes the aid of color as well as sound, and makes it quite as eloquent. There is an almost constant orchestral accompaniment, even when the actors are silent, which illustrates the action and sustains the movement, and there isn't a note which would be missed if its meaning, even though the hearer were absolutely mute. And there is a melodic science in it means something and has a purpose.

It takes some little time to be educated up to Mr. Wagner's work, but once a convert always a believer. He has converted half of Europe to his idea of music, and the other half agree that he is a great genius, even though they do not like him. They concede that he has created a new school, and one that will hold its place in the musical world.

TIBBITTS TO HIS MOTHER.

Mr. Tibbitts sat out a representation of 'Parsifal," Wagner's last great work to hear which, in his own theater, was the sole reason for visiting Bayreuth. The next morning there lay upon his table two letters, the first of which read as follows:

DEAR MOTHER:—We came to this City to hear Wagner's great opera, "Parsifal." I know you do not approve of theatrical or operatic performances, and I was loth to come on that account, but could you have heard it, and have been assured all operas were like it, you would become as enthusiastic in their support as I am from this time. There is in this opera a most beautiful moral lesson, which, I trust, had a salutary effect upon me. A body of knights are pledged to live lives of absolute purity, that they may be worthy to guard the Holy Grail, which is the spear which pierced the side of Our Savior and the bowl he used at the Last Supper. Near by the Castle of the Grail is a wicked magician, *Klingsor*, who has to help him in his nefarious work, a host of beautiful witch-maidens and their mission is to seduce the Knights of the Grail. The chief of them, *Kundry*, succeeds, with the King of the Grail, who, in consequence, loses the spear of which *Klingsor* obtains possession and with it he wounds the King, which wound can never heal till touched by the spear which *Klingsor* retains. This illustrates the lasting terror of sin, and the only means to effect its cure. *Parsifal*, a perfectly pure youth, is ordained to regain the spear, and *Klingsor* is forewarned of his approach, and makes *Kundry* more beautiful than ever, so beautiful indeed that it would seem impossible that *Parsifal* could resist her blandishments. He sees her—she sees her devilish arts, he becomes almost infatuated, and is about to succumb when he sees before him the holy bowl and the suffering King and he throws off the baneful influence, turns away from the temptress, destroys *Klingsor* and the enchanted castle, and restores the spear and heals the King.

You see how beautiful the story, and the great lesson it inculcated. It shows that any man may resist the worst influences if he will, and that against well grounded principles evil cannot prevail. It is an illustration of the constant warfare between virtue and vice, and is a help to a young man in showing that virtue may always prevail.

I was gratified to see that Mr. Wagner did not follow the bad French method of dressing the witch-maidens in scanty costumes, as I have heard they do in French theaters. His witch-maidens are all in long clothes, high in the neck and with fans.

* * *

I shall need more money by the time I reach Munich, as I wish to devote considerable time to the study of art in that home of art. Please have father send me a draft for £100. I try to be economical, but there are constant demands upon one's purse. There is a great deal of poverty in this country, and no man of sensibilities can refuse to help the poor creatures.

Your affectionate son, LEMUEL.

TIBBITTS TO HIS CHUM.

The other letter read thus:

DEAR SIR—I am here in Bayreuth, and wish I was anywhere else. It is the blood lest old fraud of a City that ever was, and if I ever get out of it you bet your sweet life I never do it again. We came to see Wagner's opera, "Parsifal," and I sat through seven mortal hours of it. However, as the waits between the acts were half an hour, I managed to get beer, and so survived. The opera is the cussedest piece of rot that was ever put upon any stage. I won't bore you with the plot, only this: An old duffer, *Gurnemanz*, has a young kid named *Parsifal* on a string. There's a lot of slop about a spear and a bowl, and close by there's a magician's castle, *Klingsor*, who has about him a lot of the dassiest girls you ever saw, and the entire blim of 'em come upon the stage at once, dressed as flowers, and a good lot they were. They hadn't much clothes on, and they made a picture, you bet. I liked this, though it would have been better if they had done songs and dances. *Klingsor's* boss witch, *Kundry*, goes for *Parsifal* for all she's worth, and come mighty near corralling him, but he sees a vision and don't tumble to her racket, and he kisses himself out, and down comes *Klingsor's* castle and the whole business. *Parsifal* was a chump. If I had been in his place I should have dusted out of the other camp and gone with *Klingsor* into the magician business. Catch me with a lot of fellows who do nothing but march around with banners and such rubbish, when I could just as well have a hundred girls in short skirts about me. Not for Joseph. Of course *Parsifal* and *Gurnemanz* triumph in the end, and *Klingsor* and the witch-maidens get the worst of it. It always is that way in novels and plays, but not much in real life. In real life virtue doesn't always triumph. I have noticed that the wicked usurer generally collects his money of the virtuous debtor, and lives very comfortably to a green old age, while the distressed debtor is terribly put to it for his daily feed, and goes up in great distress at an early age. And why not? The usurer has all the money and the other fellow all the worry. However, I am mighty glad there is virtue on the stage. It ought to be kept alive somewhere.

I don't regret having heard this opera. I have got the drop now on the Oshkosh young ladies. When they play something which I can't understand at all—can't make head or tail out of—I shall turn to whoever is next to me and say, quietly, "Ah! Wagner!"

I am having good times when I get away from the rest of the party, though the old man don't come down as liberally as he ought. You bet your life you can spend all the money you want to over here. I wish I had as much money as I have opportunities to spend it. Money ought always to go with opportunities. What is the use of an old hulks without a stomach or anything else having money? I hold that young men should have all the money, for they can use it with some zest.

I have to read the plot of *Parsifal* to-night to send a synopsis to me. When you see her say that I sent you a lot of English tracts (I having read them and found them edifying) and tell father that you never so well comprehended the condition of German industry as you did after reading a statement I sent you, which I had taken from official documents and arranged for your use. As ever, LEM

P. S.—Just wait till I get to Vienna. Oh no! I guess not!

BAYREUTH'S ONE GREAT MAN.

Wagner being all there is of Bayreuth, the citizens make the most of him. There is not a shop window that is not full of Wagner, and his portrait stares you in the face everywhere. The china dealers have Wagner on fancy china and beer mugs, the hardware men have his face on the most of their wares, boys on the streets assail you with photographs of Wagner, and when you enter a book-shop the attendant, without asking any questions, lays down for your inspection biographies of Wagner with a collection of his works. It stunned one of them when our party declined Wagner and insisted upon some paper and pens. The expression of his face was "if it is not Wagner why come to Bayreuth at all?" There is Wagner in oil, Wagner in water-color, Wagner in marble, Wagner in plaster, Wagner in photograph, Wagner in everything that a man's face can be portrayed upon or carved out of. Then you have pictures of Wagner's residence, Wagner in his study, Wagner's bed room, and in one place the favored few as a great favor are shown the pen which Wagner used in composing "Lohengrin," and you are permitted to write your name in your memorendum book with it, as a precious souvenir of your visit. Beer is named after the characters in his operas, and one especially elfish-looking waiter girl at a beer halle was promptly christened "Kundry." Bayreuth should change its name to "Wagnerville."

From Nuremberg to Heilbroan you pass through a country wonderfully rich in grapes on the hill sides, and hops and tobacco on the flat land on either side of the road.

The great charm of the German landscape is its ever-changing nature. You are not whirled through a mile of wheat and then a mile of corn, and then a mile of forest or pasture, as in America. The land here is divided into very small tracts, sometimes not more than 50 feet wide by 100 long and each little patch is planted to different grain. One piece will be yellow with wheat, the next green with potatoes, the next red with clover, the colors alternating with the

TO HEILBRONN.

crops. The only approach to sameness is the side hills they being invariably green with grapes, and even that sameness has its relief, for the hill sides are terraced to the top and the brown of the stone terraces make a delightful contrast to the bright green of the foliage. Everywhere the hop occupies an important position. The place it has in German farming is evident. It is a "wheat field," but a "hop garden." And very striking fields they make. The poles upon which they twine are very high, and they are cultivated more carefully than any crop grown. All German fields are kept marvelously free from weeds, but hops are especially so.

A hop field on the level ground, and a terraced side hill covered with grapes, make as delightful a picture as mortal man can wish to see, especially when on the other side of the train the great river twists and curves through the valley till a jutting mountain crowned with a ruined castle cuts it off, walling you in with every color nature ever made. There is no sameness, no monotony,—is an ever changing kaleidescope. A country which has been under the hand of civilization a thousand years cannot but be beautiful especially when civilization has progressed every year, as it has in Germany.

Three hours from Nuremberg through the lovely Neckar Valley, lies the quaint old town of Heilbronn, a busy little City that dates back hundreds of years. Although it is distinctively an old town, during the last few years it has developed an enterprising spirit that is fast taking it from the realms of antiquity and placing it in the ranks of modern progressive cities. There are new streets being laid out, as broad and straight as the older ones are narrow and crooked. There are beautiful residences being erected all over the City the whirr and clatter of hugh factories disturbs the quiet stillness that has reigned for years, and everywhere are seen evidences that old Heilbronn has awakened from her Rip Van Winkle sleep, and has made up her mind to take some part in the activities of the wide awake nineteenth century.

HEILBRONN.

The most interesting place, to the tourist, in all Heilbronn, is the large market, almost in the exact center of the town. From there you can see the church of St. Peter, built way back in the centuries, yet standing to day, as well preserved and solid as though it had been finished yesterday, and was built to endure for all time. Facing the square is the old Stadthouse, around which the good burghers used to rally in by gone times when their Stadt was in danger from the robber knights, who, with their bands rode up and down the lovely valley of the Neckar. The old building is a peculiarly fine specimen of the architecture that obtained in the early part of the 15th century. The front is embellished with a number of massive columns hewn out of solid rock, which support a great balcony. Above this balcony is the town clock, which is a marvel in its way. It is a very elaborate affair, built something on the principle of the one in the Cathedral in Strasburg, only it has not the many fine details that are to be found there. It tells the minutes, hours, days of the week and month, the four stages of the moon, and strikes the quarter hours with chime accompaniments. When the hour of noon comes round there is a chime of the bells, a cock crows, the Apostles come out, and a figure of Death reverses an hour-glass. The clock covers almost the entire front of the building and attracts a great deal of attention from the occasional stranger that drops down in this out-of-the-way little place, something that is of quite rare occurrence. The regulation tourist with field glass swung over the shoulder, and the little red guide book in hand, is something almost unknown in Heilbronn.

To the right of the Stadt House you are shown the house where lived, long long ago, in the days of chivalry, the Village blacksmith, or armorer, Friede born, whose daughter Katchen was the most beautiful girl in all Suabia and you are shown a window some 30 feet from the ground, out of which the beautiful girl threw herself when she started after a noble knight, with whom she had fallen in love. The window is there, and you are obliged to listen to the whole story. It was such an unusual thing to get hold of a party who had never heard of "Katchen of Heilbronn," that when we were shown the building and window, the guide took great delight in relating the whole story of the maiden. It was along in the year 1230, when the knights and grafs had supreme power. On a certain night in the year, at precisely 12, the Suabian maidens in those days melted lead and dropped it into water, and from the shapes the lead took the old women drew pictures of their future husbands. All of which goes to show that the maidens of 1200 were just as much concerned on the husband question as they are to day, and that humanity never changes. The outward forms may differ, but the underlying principle of catching a husband has outlived the centuries, and is the one thing that time has not changed and never will. It is a great thing to prove something.

THE ARMORER'S DAUGHTER.

Katchen, the armorer's daughter, a beautiful maiden, threw her lead into the water and it took the form of a knight, shield and all complete. Going to her bed she saw in her sleep a handsome knight, which confirmed the lead experiment. The City was besieged at the time by some knight who wanted it, and thought he was strong enough to take it. The next morning after the lead throwing, there came into the City a knight who offered his services to the citizens. They were accepted, and he went to the armorer, Katchen's father, to get his sword repaired. Katchen saw him, and as a matter of course, it was the identical knight she had seen in her vision. The knight got his blacksmithing done, but took no notice of Katchen, who was in the second story of the house, at a window 30 feet from the street. This house and this window, as I said, are still in Heilbronn, the first floor being now used as a beer shop, and very good beer they sell there, too. Katchen, as she saw the knight mount his horse to ride off to kill somebody, in a delirium threw herself from the window, and came down solid on the stony street. The knight dismounted and picked her up, and rode off. The fall would have killed any other maiden, but Katchen wasn't very much harmed. It is not stated in the legend what part of her struck the pavement first.

Then she followed the knight, and saw him, but he did not get her idea at all. Finally, the knight—we will call him Hugo—is at a charcoal burner's hut, and finds there a beautiful maiden who had been abducted by a wicked knight. He engages the wicked knight and kills him, and proceeds to fall in love with the noble maiden, much to the disquiet of Katchen. But she was a persevering girl, and didn't propose to be discouraged by any little thing like that. Hugo and the Noble Maiden are betrothed, and the two go to the Noble Maiden's castle, Katchen following and sleeping in the stables. A brother of the wicked knight who was killed has arranged to burn the castle which he does. Katchen overhears the plot, but not in time to prevent the disaster. However, she rushes through the flames and saves Noble Maiden and Hugo. The Noble Maiden is in great distress about a miniature portrait which Hugo had given her, which is in her room wrapped in a piece of parchment. Katchen volunteers to save it, and Hugo is very much pleased that the Noble Maiden should take the chance of losing his portrait so much at heart. Katchen rushes through the flames and comes back with the picture.

"Where is the parchment in which it was wrapped?" demands the noble maiden

"I didn't suppose you cared for that," answered Katchen, "and I left it. It is burned."

Then the Noble Maiden reviles Katchen, and beats her, and dropping the miniature as though it were nothing bewails, the loss of the parchment. Hugo suddenly gets an idea. That parchment was the settlement he had made upon her, and it was evident that she cared more for that than for his picture. So Hugo, who wanted to be loved for himself alone, remarked to himself: "Ah, ha! She cares nothing for my picture, but is mightily exercised about the settlement papers. She is altogether too prudent a maiden for me. She cares more for my stamps than she does for me. We shall see what we shall see!"

There were no suits for breach of promise in those days, and as for the Noble Maiden's father, Hugo had 50 more cut-throats at his back than he, and his castle was much the stronger of the two. So he felt safe in breaking the engagement.

He cooled toward her, and turning to the heroic Katchen, found her to be exceedingly beautiful, and he took her upon his horse, bid the Noble Maiden good day, and rode off to his own castle.

In the meantime Katchen's father wanted his girl back, and he cited the Knight to appear before the King, at Worms. He came with Katchen and declared he would marry the girl, only he must, according to custom, marry a noble maiden. Just in the nick of time the King remembers that he had a daughter once, and when in trouble he confided her to the care of an armorer. The armorer came to the front immediately and declared himself to be the identical man, and that settled it. Hugo married Katchen, because of her great merit and noble birth, the king gave him a Province to plunder all by himself, and under the royal patronage Katchen lives long and devotes herself to good works, religiously giving to the poor 10 per cent of what her husband robbed from the Jews in his territory; they had a large family, the boys all great robbers like their papa, and the girls all beautiful, and charitable like their mother.

This is the lend of Katchen of Heilbronn. The only moral discoverable in it is, that perseverance will win in the end. If a girl cases lead and sees the figure of any particular young man in it, she wants to keep right along, following him about, throwing herself out of 30 feet high windows, sleeping in stables, and such things, till she finally corrals him.

The Suabians are popularly supposed to be the stupid people of Germany, and all the current jokes of the country are at their expense. There are books of these jests, some of which are by no means delicate. The two following are fair samples:

THE SUABIANS.

It was in a Village in Suabia that a tuft of grass was seen growing on the top of the church tower. It should be utilized, but how? The church was town property, and so it was decided that a cow kept for the use of the town poor, should, by right, have it. Accordingly they rigged a rope about the cow's neck and drew her up to the grass. As the animal was near the top and well nigh strangled her tongue protruded. "See!" exclaimed the wise men giving the rope another pull. "her mouth waters for it!"

A deputation of Suabians were sent to make a treaty with a neighboring City. Coming to a stream which they could not ford, the wisest of them said: "The stream runs fast. Why hire a boat? We will sit here on the bank and wait till the water runs out, and walk across."

I did not find the Suabans stupid. They are a shrewd, progressive people, who have one of the richest countries in Germany, and they know how to develop it.

People who have the reputation of being stupid generally get on very well. Stupidity may be assumed, just as meanness sometimes is. One of the most miserly merchants in New York, a man who had a City-wide reputation for meanness, was discovered to be giving away a great deal of money. His friends, who supposed he never gave away a cent, were astonished. "The game is up," he sighed. "I shall never have any more peace. I shall have begging deputations, and begging letters without end, and I shall really have to emigrate!"

One of the most liberal and charitable of men he had carefully cultivated a reputation for meanness that he might give where he liked, when he liked, and to whom he liked in peace. The accidental discovery of his pious deception lost him his freedom.

Said a railroad conductor to a Suabian girl, a very innocent, stupid girl:

"Your people in Suabia never come to their wits till they are 30 years old?"

"No, sir."

"And a great many never come to their wits at all. What do you do with them?"

"We make railroad conductors of them, sir," said the innocent, stupid Suabian girl.

If any one labors under the delusion that the Suabians are really stupid he wants to deal with them. An assumption of stupidity is sometimes profitable. You have your own way with a stupid man till it comes to the finish, and then you find he has come in several necks ahead. The Suabians may be stupid, but with all their stupidity they are enormously rich, and are getting richer very fast. They have a most delightful country, and they take good care of it.

A MOST LOVELY COUNTRY.

From Heilbronn to Mannheim the country is beyond question the most beautiful in Europe, and if tourists knew more about it it would be overrun with them. The Neckar is a smaller river than the Rhine, but in point of beauty there is no comparison. Its course is as crooked as an American politician's, and it can be no more depended upon than a coquet. At one point its sparkling water makes love to the mountain upon one side of the valley, and then, without any apparent reason, and as if for sheer wantonness it darts over to the other side. You look ahead, and the silver thread is lost in a mountain that crosses and rubs noses with one approaching from the other side, and to all appearances your way and that of the stream is barred by a wall of green. But as you approach you see that the water has made an opening in the mountain into another wide valley, through which it courses.

There is a narrow road on its bank and just enough space beside it for the track of the railroad. The mountains on either side are terraced for the inevitable vineyard and sometimes the valley widens enough to admit of farms which are inexpressibly beautiful, with their small fields, each dressed in a different color. Afar off to the right the fore hills crouch under the shadow of larger ones, and back of them lie the great mountains. Near by the trees that cover the elevations are perceptible, but as hill towers above hill, and finally becomes mountains, the trees lose their individuality and become a solid mass of dark green, till finally they melt into the sky that comes down to kiss their summits.

At Heidelberg we leave the mountains far to either side, the range ending abruptly with the majestic summit on which is perched the famous castle, a fitting termination to so glorious a panorama.

Here the Neckar and the Rhine are visible, but the valley is so wide that the mountains on either side are merely misty recollections, hazy specters, that look more like clouds than the great mountains they are. We emerge into a valley as level as an Illinois prairie, and so fertile as to have excited the cupidity of every conqueror in Europe.

Now comes again the fenceless fields laid off into little sections. The men and women, to an American, picturesquely clad, laboring in them, each figure standing out in the bright sunlight like a statue. We pass little villages that were put down without any especial reason, houses of low story and much roof, that have stood there for hundreds of years and will stand for hundreds of years to come, until we are whirled into the beautiful station at Mannheim, where the Neckar is the Neckar no more but adds its beautiful waters to the father of German waters, the Rhine.

I do not want it to be understood that there is anything more naturally beautiful in these mountains, rivers and valleys than we have in America. There is no river that I have yet seen that will compare with the Upper Mississippi, and no valley so beautiful as the Susquehanna at Wilkesbarre, and no mountain scenery so grand as in the Sierra Nevadas, and no lakes so beautiful as those in the interior of New York. The difference is one of age and occupancy. On the Pacific Slope the mountains are in a state of nature—in Switzerland they are cultivated to the top. The difference is the difference between the grizzly bear and the goat. In American mountains Nature has not been disturbed as yet and you see nothing but nature in its wildest forms. In the Alps, for instance, farms are where farms are possible, and nature is only undisturbed where the hand of man can find nothing to profit, and there is therefore more variety in European scenery. Were the Neckar in America its banks would be one mass of trees, for no one would attempt to make farms on its banks, so long as the fertile prairies of the West offered him a better home. It is the rare combination of natural and cultivated territory that gives this country its charm and makes it so bewitchingly beautiful.

A DRAWBACK.

German scenery has one regular drawback. A hill-side terraced to the top with stone walls, the little spaces made by the masonry covered with beautiful vines, is a splendid sight, and one the eye lingers lovingly upon, but—why must there always be a but?—the sight of an old, gray-haired woman toiling up these almost perpendicular steps with an enormous basket of manure upon her head is anything but pleasing. I very much prefer the American way. It rather conflicts with my notion of the proper sphere of woman. Whatever may be her proper work, I unhesitatingly give it as my opinion that it is *not* climbing bare-footed up steep mountain sides with a mule-load of manure upon her head.

SEEKING NOT, I FOUND.

[Translated from the German of Goethe, for the Toledo BLADE, by A. P. Stevens.]

Seeking nothing went I forth into a lonely wood,
Only longing to be rid of self and selfish mood.

Deep in shade a tiny flower found I blooming,
Flashed its star-like beauty in upon my gloaming.

Then I longed to seize it, yet I spake it fair,
"Shall I save thee from decay, and guerdon thee with care?"

Digging then round every little root I sought it,
To the garden of my handsome house I brought it,

And planted it with tenderness within a quiet place,
Now it branches always, and blooms with constant grace.

A RAPJACKET DUEL.

A Curious Contest Carried on Between Two Georgians.

Jackson Herald.

On last Thursday evening a Mr Hill, who lives near Harmony Grove, got mad at Mr J W Goss, of that place, and wanted to fight him. Mr Goss said he did not care to fight him, but that if Hill would not be satisfied any other way he would agree to fight him with a buggy whip. Hill agreed to this mode of warfare, and after making an agreement as to distance and other rules to govern the fight, new buggy whips were procured and the combatants toed the mark about five feet apart and commenced lashing down on each other with all their might and power. The battle ground was in front of Freeman's livery stable, in the heart of the Town, and it was not long until the most of the citizens of the place were looking on at a safe distance. No one had interfered and the combatants were making steady and regular licks upon each other without flinching, and the strokes of the whips could be heard several blocks away, as they went whizzing through the air and upon the backs of the two men. Occasionally one or the other would back a little from his line, but he would soon come up again to the scratch. Whenever they got tired one would call out to hold up for a while, and they would take a blowing spell and when rested they would go at it again. The fight continued for over three hours, with short intervals for rest.

After the second round, Hill, who had no covering on his back except a shirt, insisted that Goss should pull off his coat, which he did and they took both hands to their whips and went to work. By this time the news of the fight had spread all over the town; some of the merchants closed up their stores and business was generally suspended to see what would be the result of the encounter.

After they had worn over seven dollars' worth of buggy whips and were completely tired down, they agreed to quit, and Hill told Goss that he was satisfied. From parties who saw Hill's back, we learn that there was not a place on it that you could place a silver quarter without touching the welts that the whip had made, and he was marked all over in the same way. We learn that Goss was not hurt quite so bad, and was able to be out the next day, but Hill had to lay up, and it was rumored over this way that he was seriously sick.

Prepared to Die.

Richmond Whig.

In Spottsylvania County last Friday evening, Mrs. Ann Talley, aged 70 years, and in seeming robust health, informed her friends that her time had come, and so impressed was she with the idea that on Saturday morning she arose at an early hour, washed, dressed, prepared herself for the anticipated event, and proceeded to cook her breakfast, and while so engaged, with no previous warning, dropped dead.

For the Blade.

"WHEN THE MISTS ARE ROLLED AWAY."

H. A. MAXWELL.

Like the boreal aurora,
Gleaming in the Arctic sky,
Lends a gloom into the darkness
Of the night that cannot die,
So the hopes and dreams dissevered,
That were ours, but ours no more,
Rise in dimness, vaguely showing
Wrecks on life's Utopian shore;
Blighted prospects, fondly cherished,
Bliss that never was to be,
Blown and strown by winds remorseless,
Strew the margin of the sea;
But, perhaps, we'll see it plainer
When the darkness blends with day,
For there be a happy morrow
"When the mists are rolled away."

All is wrecked and crushed and broken,
And in desolation cast;
Can we search for consolation
In the ruins of the past?
Ah! there's one who seems to meet me
On the barren, dreary shore,
One whom I had once neglected
In the days that are no more.
But, by me 'twas not intended;
Further I remember not:
But, by her it was remembered,
And has never been forgot;
And with crushed and wounded feeling
How she suffered none can say;
But, I know that she'll forgive me,
"When the mists are rolled away."

At the twilight, when the breezes
Whispered o'er the meadows wide,
And we strolled along the river
In the calm of eventide,
One short word, too hasty spoken,
Severed friendship, and we part,
I to wander, wander, wander,
She with sad and broken heart.
Meet again? Ah! never! never!
I have been by tempests blown
To the coasts where hope's a stranger,
And repose is never known.
Where is she? I cannot answer:
All is gloomy as Cathay;
But, she'll be a happy greeting,
"When the mists are rolled away."

When the mists and clouds are rifted,
And we see the light above
Streaming in resplendent beauty,
Then we'll know the worth of love;
Then we'll know the worth of sorrow,
And that all is for the best.
Night her sable train is sweeping
Through the portals of the West:
Light is coming, coming, coming,
And the dawn is on us now.
It will bless the broken hearted,
And will kiss the aching brow.
From the East the moon is breaking—
Night is changing into day:
"We will know each other better
When the mists are rolled away,"
St. George, W. Va.

Written Expressly for the Toledo BLADE.

Throne and Scaffold

A Historical Romance.

BY ERNEST WARREN.

BOOK III—THE EARL.

CHAPTER II.

AT THE SIGN OF THE GOOD WOMAN.

Master Elias Ottwell at the sign of the Good Woman in Eastcheap, sold lace and silk to the courtiers and the great ladies. He had, moreover a dainty taste in jewels, and though he advertised himself, not as a purveyor of gems, many a choice emerald and sparkling diamond, gleaming on the neck of beauty at court dance or masque, had come from the small, low beetle roofed shop, which was hardly to be distinguished from its more imposing neighbors, save by the quaintness and want of gallantry in the sign suspended above the door, which cynically represented "the good woman" as without a head.

If rumor spoke the truth, Master Elias did not confine his dealings wholly to the sale either of silks and laces, or gems and jewels, for many who had not the wherewithal to purchase such costly commodities from time to time, crossed his somewhat dingy threshold, and further report had it, that the precious stones, the rich and rare sword hilts, the jeweled collars and costly rings which the worthy merchant disposed of to his customers, were obtained at a price which left him a monstrous margin of profit.

In point of fact, Master Elias Ottwell was a money lender. Not a usurer in the ordinary acceptation of the term, not one who seated in the center of his web, spider fashion, watched for unwary flies to stumble into his toils, but one who would not do business without introduction. One who professed but little inclination to enter into such transactions, unless it were indeed to oblige his worthy friend Captain So and So, or his old and respected customer Lord Such a one.

He was no Jew in the matter of interest, nor were his transactions ever questioned on the score of fairness, but he always took prudent care to hold security to at least twice the value of the amount he advanced, and as both ladies of the court, gallants, and peers came to him, for the most part to raise funds to pay debts incurred by gaming, it is not at all surprising that in something like two cases out of every three the pledges left in his hands became purely and absolutely his own.

Master Elias was a man of few words. He reduced his utterance to the same narrow limits as his expenditure and lived in his small house in the East-cheap, with none to care for him but an only daughter, who was reported to be of marvelous beauty, but whom he most religiously kept from the sight of the gay courtiers of King Henry, who from time to time, driven by their wants found their way to the sign of the Good Woman.

It was the evening of an early day in February, and the wind from the Thames blew damp and chill as Master Ottwell, having concluded a satisfactory day's business, signed to his apprentice to close the door.

Only waiting long enough to see that his command was obeyed, and in fact it was one over which the apprentice but rarely dawdled, he passed through into an inner apartment where his daughter sat, but without pausing to give her further greeting than a grim smile he mounted a narrow, dark staircase, which creaked and groaned beneath his weight, and presently entered a tiny room with but a single lattice window, commanding a view of naught but the roofs of neighboring houses.

At a small, wooden table in this department sat a stalwart man whose plain, buff jerkin and leather boots seemed to proclaim him of low degree.

His head was buried in his hands as one in deep thought, but he withdrew his elbows from the table as Master Elias entered, and turning disclosed the features of none other than Godfrey Tavener.

Changed, and sadly altered pinched, worn and weary, few who had not known him intimately would have recognized the bright, gay and gallant knight so recently the ornament of King Henry's Court.

Seeing who his visitor was, Godfrey sprang to his feet, and something of the old bright look shone in his eyes, a look which illumined his face as the beams of the rising sun the dull leaden surface of the wide spreading sea. Eagerly he caught the old usurer's two hands in his.

"Well, well!" he asked impatiently. "have you heard aught? Is there any news stirring?"

"Yes," answered the taciturn Master Ottwell.

"Tell me; tell me, in heaven's name, for I am sick at heart with this weary waiting. What of Cicely?"

"Nothing."

"Nothing? Oh this suspense is more than I can bear! I will forthwith to Sion. I will risk all. What have I to lose?"

"Your head," replied the Eastcheap merchant.

"Of whom then is your news, if not of Cicely?"

"The Queen."

"Ha, what of her? I beseech you, good Master Ottwell, open thy mouth to some better purpose, for my heart is racked, my brain on fire, till I can gain some tidings of her, for whom I have disregarded the King's express command, for whom I am now risking life, as I would a thousand times over, rather than be parted from her. What of the Queen?"

"The worst."

"What! hath she not suffered enough? Is it that she hath not in full expiated such faults as she hath committed? Is the King, who worshipped the very ground on which she planted her steps, but a few short months ago, so insatiable in his revenge that nothing but her life's blood can satisfy him?"

"Yes."

"Where then is her Her Majesty?"

"On her road to the Tower."

"The Tower! Oh, is this thing possible? From the Tower it is but one short step to the scaffold. How comes she—by road or river?"

"River."

"And doth Cicely accompany her? Is she, too, fated to follow in the steps of Derham and of Culpepper? Is she, in that she hath been a friend of the Queen, to suffer at the hands of the headsman?"

"She accompanies the Queen."

Godfrey Tavener, with a deep groan, again buried his face in his hands, and remained silent for some moments, during which time he was closely observed by the usurer, and with something of a glance of pity, which but ill accorded with his hard, stern, rugged face.

"I must see her—come what may! I *must* see her! There is a way—but one way—for once within the Tower's gloomy walls, all access will be impossible, for am I not proscribed? Is not my head the penalty for being in England even at this moment?"

"Why stay?"

"I will never leave the country—never—unless it be with Cicely. I have served my sovereign truly and faithfully; I have never wittingly done evil to man or woman; I have no better desire than to merit the honors and favors which, in happier days, my sovereign showered upon me; but all this is at an end. But for you, Master Ottwell, I have not a friend in all the wide world; but for Cicely I have not a hope, not even a desire to live. Help me."

"I will."

Again Godfrey grasped his hands and his looks spoke his fervent gratitude as eloquently as any words could have done.

"Ask me not what I would do. I have a plan whereby I may see her, perchance even speak with her; but it is the scheme of despair. Once let her be immured within the four walls, and I would as soon that I were a prisoner condemned to a like fate with herself. Once she hath passed the fatal watergate, all hope is dead. I must see her first—it is the last effort of a desperate man. What matters it if I live or die, so I be parted from her I love forever? Who cares whether Godfrey Tavener be alive or dead?"

"I do."

"Kind and generous friend, to whom I already owe so much yet. Why should you care?"

"You owe me money."

"True. I had forgot it."

"I had not."

"Well, good friend, the only one who has made existence supportable to me, in the weary weeks of trial and error, add yet to your many kindnesses—let me add to my obligations. Find me means to obtain a boat. I will meet them on the river as they come from Sion; give me a purse in case I be in such sore strait that I may have to buy my freedom; help me in this and should fortune ever so far favor me, that I should return to mine own, I will repay thee a hundred fold. You, who have already done so much for me, will not fail me at the last moment, now, when I have determined to risk all on a single hazard? No, no; you are good and generous. Say you will help me in my sorest need."

"I will."

"A thousand thanks, believe me. Should things so betide, that I should have the means to repay you, you will not find me ungrateful. Say, where shall I find a boat?"

"At Paul's wharf."

"The means to obtain it?"

"Here."

As he spoke the single word, he unloosed a heavy purse from his girdle and handed it to Godfrey, who with many words of grateful acknowledgement, thrust it into the breast of his jerkin.

"Think you 'twould be well I should disguise myself?"

"Useless. Love sees through all disguises."

"True. Let her at once know that it is I her own Godfrey, and prudence will keep her silent, but should she by an accident penetrate such disguise as I might assume, a sudden start, a nervous cry, might betray me."

Then, without further words, Godfrey Tavener donned a rough bonnet in keeping with the humble attire which he wore, and darted from the house. "Good Lord, to think how love will fool the best of us," soliloquized Master Elias, as he descended the rickety stairs to rejoin his daughter in the apartment below.

A few words of explanation are here necessary to account for Godfrey Tavener's presence in the usurer's house, where indeed he had been an inm

THE WEEKLY BLADE.

TOLEDO BLADE CO., Pubs

TOLEDO, O. THURSDAY, OCT. 19.

FOR THE LADIES.

The Detroit *Free Press* says: "If you could only see the women of Arkansas you wouldn't blame the King for selling 200 at once."

There are six different types of the Gibsonian Liberty all at once in this country, and the name of Van is revived in a way you would like to see your sister adopt.—*Somerville Journal*

London *Truth*: "An American girl wears a gown with a light of embroidered swallows beginning on the left shoulder and ending about right foot. More swallows fly about her person."

Daughters of Maggie Mitchell and Lydia Thompson are about to become actresses. A school of Salvini is planning out West and a son of Sothern is becoming some of the late comedian's roles in England.

A recent splendid photograph of the Baroness Burdett-Coutts shows a mild, benevolent and expressive face. She wears a necklace of pearls. The dress is black, with white lace at the neck and wrists.

London *World*: "A fat woman is the dressmaker's despair. She is just possible to dress on. That little woman is delightful. It is easier to simulate room to do summate, or, in other words, to put on than take off."

"And do you expect to complete the work this season?" he said to the lady on the waltzing-face hotel piazza, who was exhibiting gorgeous embroidery. "Goodness, no!" she said; "why, I've had this three years. I only work on it when we are at bowls."

"Mamma," asked little Edith, "be all grown folks habit to?" "Why, Edith," replied her mother, "what put that idea in your head?" "Nothing, mamma, only I notice every body who comes here is natural, while I've always heard you say so after they went out."

Of the New York riding ladies a recent letter says: "Formerly they used school horses, both when riding for practice in the ring or used in the park. Now they are buying their own horses and keep them at the boarding stables attached to the riding schools, just like the men."

"You know I am a member of the fire department," said Rube, "and if I find your young sprout in the house, it will be my duty to run him out." "But, father," replied his daughter, "if you do, like as not I shall have a fire flame within a week." Diggs turned up nose silently.

"I believe you are a fool, John," testily exclaimed Mrs. Diggs after her husband unwittingly presented her the last end of a potato-rind, which she promptly dropped and broke. "Yes," he added resignedly, "that's what the clerk told me when I went to take out my marriage license."—*Brooklyn Eagle.*

The women of Boston do not appear at all anxious to avail themselves of the gallant franchise conferred upon them. It is noted that no woman has yet registered to vote for school committee at the municipal election in December. There will be one more opportunity for registration, November 2.

Two women went beyond their depth while bathing at Herne Bay, England. A man swam off to the rescue, and they clung wildly to him, so he begged them, now to do it, declaring that all would drown unless they left his arms free. A boatman came to the rescue, and the women were saved, but the hero lost his life.

At the marriage of Mr. and Mrs. George Gaines at Mount Hermion, Va., the bride refused to say "Yes" to the question whether she would obey her husband. She said she saw no reason in such a promise, and he concluded that no harm would be done by omitting it, since he intended to "make her mind anyhow." Two years elapsed, until a day or two before the next question arose as to George ordered his wife to fry a chicken for dinner, and she insisted on roasting it. He brought in a horsewhip, and declared he would flog her until she obeyed him. She shot and killed him.

Mrs. Barnaby, wife of the hero of "The Ride to Khiva," is personally very unlike her husband, being only a trifle over five feet tall, while he stands six feet two in his stockings. But she is his equal in spirit and dexterity in all. Lately she has been astonishing Alpine climbers by her achievements in that line, having scaled Mont Blanc twice in the course of a week, first by the Col du Geant and then by Les Aiguilles Grees. The latter route is an especially difficult one, involving the spending of a night in the snow, but she safely accomplished it, and now she has gone to the Italian side of the Alps, to attempt other and more dangerous ascents.

PERSONS AND THINGS.

King Humbert is a fair hunter and a capital shot.

A cold chisel—stealing your neighbor's ice.—*Horsethief Independent.*

It is said that the first teetotal pledge in New England was taken in 1832.

An English caterer says that half the flavor of an oyster is in the beard.

When a passenger boards a train, what is the bill of fare?—*Waterloo Observer.*

The feeling between master and operative is exceedingly bitter.—*Breckenridge News.*

A Hartford man is acquiring popularity by dining on English sparrow pie once a week.

Mr. Spurgeon is famed in walking and restrained in gesture by gout, his hands being twisted and swollen.

The Australian Cricket Team takes £11,000 away from England. By the last match they netted nearly £1,000.

The Invest South End gentleman for taking board is having a few "remunerative guests." Shades of Dickens and Thackeray, did you ever hear the like!—*London Gazette.*

The want of the present is an iron window shutter that will open itself for firemen and have sense to keep shut when burglars are about. Such a thing has not been discovered yet.

A few years ago betting was even as to whether the Brooklyn bridge or Washington monument would be finished first. Now the betting is 10 to 1 in favor of the monument.—*Norr Herald.*

A Providence, R. I., boy has immortalized himself in that city by chasing a burglar for half a mile, aiming an umbrella at him, when the thief took for a gun, and thus recapturing the plunder.

Several of the classmates of the late Lieut. De Long have decided to ask Mrs. De Long to consent that the remains of her husband may be interred at the Naval Academy grounds at Annapolis, Md.

What is harder to put on properly than a wet boot?—asks the Boston *Advertiser*. One of the first things when one comes as an answer is a cheerful expression after being beaten in a convention.—*Lowell Courier*

The Committee appointed to consider the question of substituting a nickel coinage for the bronze coinage now circulating in France, has decided in favor of nickel, which has already been adopted in Germany and Belgium.

Eggs and Princes are getting down nowadays to the same prosaic, business like ways of thinking and doing as other mortals. Oscar II., sovereign of Sweden and Norway, being about to undertake a journey to the latter country, has had his life insured in favor of his family for the sum of 600 crowns.

Human Moses, a pioneer Hebrew citizen of Cincinnati, has brought home a basketful of earth from the Cave of Machpelah, where the remains of Abraham and Sarah are said to rest. At his funeral a few days ago the clay from the Holy Land was sprinkled upon his coffin.

An Iowa City clergyman has 150 hives of bees, which are arranged around his barn house, and when he hears a thief fooling round that establishment in the darkness, he just lies still and waits to hear a hive upset, and then laughs at the sound of wild yells gradually dying away in the distance.

As an offset to the strike of those who have inferior food as an excuse for their demonstrations, the lumbermen in the logging camps around Lake Tahoe have struck against the further use of ducks, grouse, deer, partridge, quail, etc., insisting upon meat, corn beef, codfish, and similar delicacies instead.

A Chicago Democrat recently passed in his checks in Colorado, and a chance acquaintance brought the sad news to his wife. "So you were with my poor husband when he died, were you?" "Yes, madame, I was with him. I gave him a drink of water just before he died." "Did he take the water?" "Yes." "Then he was not my husband."

The bun an lunge reverberate sometimes with great velocity.
When windy individuals indulge in much verbosity
They have to twirl the glottis sixty thousand times a minute,
And push and pull the diaphragm as though the device were a syringe.
The pharynx now gives up;
The larynx, with a slam,
Ejects a wife
From out the throat,
Pushed by the diaphragm.

THE SECRET OF DEATH.

EDWIN ARNOLD.

"She is dead!" they said to him. "Come away!"
Kiss her and leave her—thy love is clay.
They smoothed her limbs and put the sheet on her hair—
And thus hidden from sight they left her fair.
Over her eyes that glazed orbs of stone,
Where the light shone through a mile touch;
With a tender finger they closed up well
The sweet thin lip that had ever to tell;
About her brows and beautiful face
They tied her veil and her marriage lace;
And drew on her white feet her white silk shoes—

Which were the whitest, no eye could choose;
And over her bosom oh joy crossed her hands,
Once more ever they said—"Shall in eternals"
And there was silence, and nothing more
But silence and secrets of ephemera
And justice and love, and remembrance;
And they said, "As a lady should lie lies she."
And they held their breath as they left the room,
With a shudder, to glance at its stillness and gloom.
But he whispered her love well to dread
The fair form of clay, the beautiful dead,
He lit his lamp and took his key
And turned it—close again—he and she.
He and she; but she would not smile,
Though he called her the name she loved erewhile.
He called her, still she did not move
Though now pressed passionate whisper of love.
Then he said: "Cold lips and breast without breath,
Is there no voice, no language, of death—
Death to the living? Speak but to tell me a sense,
But to hear and to know distinct, in mine?
Or now I will listen with soul, not ear,
What was the secret of dying, dear?
Was it the moment you felt you must
That you could ever be lifted flower fall?
Or was it a sweeter marvel to feel
The perfect calm o'er the agony dealt?
Was it the rending apart of the soul deep
Beyond all dreams that it conceived that sleep?
Did life roll back its records, dear,
And show, as they say it does, past things clear?
And was it the innermost cry of the bliss
To find out we what a mystery love is?
Then to me be a pleasure in dying, sweet,
To smile you placid from head to feet.
I would not even a caring if I seemed,
And were your hot tears upon my brow shed—
I would say, thou in the angel of death and I
had
But a soul on my lips to keep it myself.
You should not say calmly with unmoving eyes,
Which of all death's was the coldness surprise—
The very same cut and unbecoming thing
Of all the surprises do my mark bring.
Ah foolish world! O, most fond death!
Though no old man, was you believe it was said!
Who will believe that he heard her say,
With the sweet, soft voice, in the dear old way:
"The summer sunshine's thine to bear
And sorrow not, and love you and thee you dear;
And am your angel, and was your bride
And know that, though dead, I have never died."

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS.

Visit of an Undertaker to a Sanctum.

Boston Eagle

There was a subdued "disturbe-the-mourners sic about him. His face was of a yellowish white, and he wore chin whiskers but no mustache. A pair of bushy eyebrows formed thatches over his deeply-sunken orbs and his shin bones were as prominent as the shoulder blades of the living skeleton. He was dressed in a long black broadcloth Prince Albert coat, a low-cut vest and baggy doeskin trousers. His shirt front was adorned with three jet studs, and a black silk tie was carefully arranged about his neck. As he entered the political editor's room he drew off a pair of long black silk gloves, took off his silk hat, placed the gloves in his hat and said: "I believe, sir, I have the honor of addressing the editor of this paper?"

"You do not labor under a mistake," said the editor.

"The things of this world are transitory, and we should prepare for the end. While we are in life—"

"Lost your wife?" asked the editor. "Wish an obituary notice?"

"No," said the visitor. "I'm grieved—I should say I'm happy to state my wife is still among the living. During our married life, however, I've buried most of her family. I received the last order a week ago. My father-in-law. A beautiful corpse, sir. Features composed and peaceful as an infant's. Died of *delirium tremens* at that, but our patent case composer did the business beautifully. I tell you, sir, it's a positive luxury to be laid out now a days if you're only taken to a first-class house. Did the old man up in rosewood with coin-silver handles and handles and plate. The expense of the thing would have broken the old man's heart if he'd been alive, but the widow wished a swell job and we obeyed her to the letter. I tell you he was a corpse to be proud of and no mistake. Then there was my wife's aunt. Had to keep her on ice for two weeks, but when we lifted her out of our patent zero freezer she looked as natural and rosy as a girl of 16. I tell you, sir, the undertakers out now days is coming to be proud of. There was a subject I received from England the other day. When I opened the—"

"How can all this interest me?" asked the editor.

"Well, you see I've just brought out a new air-light, warranted to last a thousand years casket, and I didn't know but what you might like to give it a notice."

"You will find the advertising department down stairs" said the editor.

"Oh, I don't want you to give me a notice for nothing" said the visitor. "Now you know the best of us only have a short time to live. You may pass away to-night, or to-morrow, or the day after."

"How can that interest you?" asked the editor, tapping the desk nervously with his pen.

"It is my business to think of such things."

"Well, you will oblige me very much by keeping your ghastly business to yourself," said the editor, growing more nervous every moment.

"I know you are still what may be called a young man," said the visitor. "But in this fast age and in your nerve-wracking profession you are apt to drop off at any mo—"

"Shut up," cried the editor, "you are enough to give a man the blues for a month."

"People in your profession are very apt to have heart disease and—"

"Will you let up?" shouted the editor, springing to his feet.

"Have you a family?" asked the visitor.

"What is that to you?"

"Yes, you have a family," said the visitor; "I can see you possess the settled appearance of a married man. You are not old. Your children are yet in childhood, perhaps infants. Now our white frosted infants' caskets with silver trimmings—"

"You monster!" cried the editor, laying hold of the inkstand.

"Do not look upon me in that way," said the visitor, meekly. "We all have to die sooner or later. Now, you may die sooner and you may die later, and so may your family. It is well to be prepared. When death comes you may be dead-broke, and you run the risk of being buried in a pine coffin and at the expense of the City. Now, just run in a good notice about my air tight caskets, and I'll fix you out with a satin lined rosewood finished coffin that will do your eyes good to look upon. If you don't mind, I'll take your dimensions now," continued the visitor, pulling a tape-measure from his coat-pocket. "By the way, about how tall is your wife?"

"You fiend!" shouted the editor.

"Now don't get excited in that way," said the visitor. "I'm willing to do the square thing for a good notice. I'll make an engagement to plant your entire family for something handsome in the way of an editorial. I don't mind throwing in a couple of small monuments for yourself and wife. You might get up the epitaphs and just leave the dates blank. I suppose you own a burying plot. Now suppose we come to an agreement. Would you like a casket for yourself or do you prefer the old style shave? Let's see, you are pretty broad across the shoulders. I should say a casket would suit—" but just here the usual order of things was reversed, and the undertaker was laid out, while the office boy and janitor carefully removed the remains to the sidewalk.

A Pretty Well Posted Preacher.

Peoria Transcript.

An unmarried clergyman in Vermont discoursed learnedly upon the evils arising from the use of wearing of corsets by the softer sex. And now the curious women folks of his congregation want to know, you know, how he found out all he knows so knowingly about things that unmarried men know nothing about.

MECCA.

The Mohammedan Pilgrimage.

New York Herald.

CAIRO, Oct. 5.—The usual yearly caravan with the sacred carpet for Mecca, started to-day.

The Egyptian route is from Cairo on the track taken by the ancient Israelites across the desert to Suez, and from there across the "great and terrible wilderness" of North Arabia to Akaba, at the head of the eastern branch of the Red Sea. Striking southward it proceeds through the desolate and dangerous regions of West Arabia until at length, after a journey of 1,000 miles, the sight of Mecca, "the inviolable," gives the pilgrim hope of rest and safety. The trials to which "Faith" is exposed in this journey are almost beyond endurance. Fatigue kills many. Thirst destroys many more. Ablution and cleanliness are impracticable. The caravan, as it toils its slow length along, scorched by the sun, suffocated by dust, and followed by the famished vulture, is a moving miasma. But the caravan, which pays with living blood gets richer as it goes. The treasures of the dead pilgrims swell the money bags and defend the wallets of the survivors to an extent which enables the stronger members of the diminished host to devote larger funds to the service of alms, feasts, and sacrifices in Mecca than would in weaker hands have been regarded as prudent or possible. The Syrian route is from Damascus, running in its course along the range of mountains which forms the eastern side of the Jordan, and passing through the old countries of Moab Ammon and Midian. Leaving the trans-Jordanic regions it traverses Arabia Petræa Provincia and the great central Desert of Arabia, proceeding to Dar Azrab, and thence, after a journey of 1,500 miles to Mecca. This extraordinary journey, which for the greater part passes over a sterile mountain ranges and over immense sandy wastes, is not less perilous or less fatal in character than that which sadly distinguishes the Egyptian route. The sufferings and mortality of the pilgrims exceed in degree those of the average calamities of war, and are easy to be matched in records of famine and pestilence. The wearied caravan arrives at Mecca despoiled of much of its living freight, and of the victims who have survived, numbers, weakened by disease, fail to obtain strength for the due observance of the exhausting ceremonies of the holy festival, which consists in rapid journeys round the Caaba, runnings between Safa and Merwa, throwing stones at evil spirits, a-coats of Mount Ararat, and tumultuous sacrifices of sheep goats, kine, or camels in the Valley of Mina.

The principal marine routes are those followed in the voyages from the North African ports of Morocco, Algeria, Tunis and Tripoli to Egypt, the voyages from Constantinople, the ports of Turkey, and the voyages from India, Persia and the east coast of Africa. The passages by these routes being undertaken mostly in sailing vessels ill appointed and of small capacity, are tedious, dangerous, and in all respects most unsatisfactory. To remedy the evils which at present attend the pilgrimage to Mecca and to promote the good which it is capable of effecting, are not only humane objects, but they are of much commercial value and importance. The saving of human life is the first instinct of civilization, and the promotion of its well-being is successfully sought through the instrumentality of commercial intercourse. The pilgrims trade as they travel. Monamet says to them, "It shall be no crime in you to seek an income by trading during your pilgrimage." It is true that comparatively little trade is done, but to the amount effected it is of considerable importance, leading as it does to an extension of the community of nations and a profitable exchange of their respective products. The solution of the difficulties which beset the pilgrimage will be found in an abolition of the great land routes, and in the main a restriction of the passage to marine transit. The completion of the Suez Canal renders the solution easy by uniting the Mediterranean and the Red Sea and giving for the first time to the vast mid-land populations of Mohammedan countries a ready, healthful and economic approach to Mecca. It is ascertained that out of about 1,000 000 or more who annually contemplate making the pilgrimage to Mecca, but half of whom are deterred from attempting it by the perils of the journey, about 300,000 are prepared to accept the advantages of a direct sea route.

The number of pilgrims who visit Mecca annually is estimated at not less than 150,000 to 180 000. The day of the "Courban Bairam" or Great Feast, is the day on which the pilgrims must be present in Mecca. On reaching the Meccan coast the pilgrims debark at Yambo or at the flourishing town of Jeddah, the port of Mecca. Jeddah is also the principal port of both sides of the Red Sea. Besides the extra steamers which touch at it during the pilgrimage to Mecca season the steamer of the British India, the Austrian Lloyd's the Russian (Odessa), the Turkish "Azizie" and the Egyptian Khedive companies call regularly at Jeddah. The towns of Suakim, Hodeda, Mocha and Massowah (for the Abyssinia), as well as the caravans for the interior of Abyssinia and Upper Egypt (Dongola, Darfour, Senaar, and Central Africa), take their supplies of stock from Jeddah and bring their supplies of produce for sale to Jeddah. The exports consist chiefly of Mocha coffee, hides and skins, wool, ivory camels hair, wax, gums, tortoise-shell, mother-of-pearl, ostrich feathers senna, gray amber, coral, aloes spices, balsams, drugs incense, myrrh etc. The imports are Manchester manufactures, Madapollams, gray shirtings, Turkey-red yarn, American petroleum, tin plates, candles, biscuits, hardware, knives, razors, scissors locks, bells hinges screws, nails, white metal spoons, petroleum lamps, leather trimmings, cheap jewelry, watches, etc. The Sultan of Turkey is considered the Supreme Chief of the Mohammedan faith and the direct living representative of the Prophet, and consequently the members of the "Faithful" who seek the "First Temple" never fail to pray for him and for the safety of the Ottoman Empire. None but those of the Mohammedan religion are allowed to pass the gates of Mecca, although some three or four of other creeds have succeeded in penetrating undetected within its precincts but at course at the risk of their lives; in fact it is most dangerous for any Christian or Jew to go far beyond the outskirts of Jeddah.

About 10 days after the "Courban Bairam," or Great Feast, the pilgrims begin to collect at Jeddah to take steamer on their homeward journey, and their embarkation lasts generally about 10 days. After that there is a lull for a short time until the arrival of those pilgrims who shall have visited Medina likewise, and these are generally ready to take steamer to Jeddah about 75 days after the "Courban Bairam" and for about eight or 10 days. The rates of deck passages are: From Jeddah, 40 francs to 50 francs each for Penang and Singapore, and about 30 rupees for Bombay. It can be easily understood that the steamers carrying these pilgrims are not the most preferable ones for Europeans, especially ladies and children or travel by. To old travelers by the Red Sea it is needless to point out the extra danger or risk and inconveniences incurred on board such vessels, especially at the season when the dangers of epidemic diseases or contagion may be anticipated as likely to be prevalent. The plague, cholera and small-pox are more prevalent on the other side of the Suez Canal than on this and epidemics often suddenly break out among the enormous mass of Mohametan pilgrims to Mecca.

Subscriptions Expired.

Laramie Boomerang.

Subscribers, of the *Boomerang*, who find cross bones and skull, with crest of metallic burial casket drawn in blood, on the wrapper of their paper, will know that their subscription has expired and that something has got to be done.

HUNTED AND HAUNTED.

The Tragic Mystery in the Life of Old Jim Bridger.

San Francisco Call.

The mystery of Jim Bridger's early life was explained to the writer during a recent visit to Oregon, by Col. Jesse Applegate, of the Umpqua Valley, whose story of the "Pilgrims of 43" was published in the *Call* of August 6. Col. Applegate, who is now in Monterey County on a visit, obtained the following details of an almost forgotten tragedy from some of Jim Bridger's companions nearly 40 years ago. The story has never before been published and is peculiarly interesting, as it explains why this celebrated scout and guide sought a home and protection among the Indians in his early days, and why he was always avoided and shunned by the old French trappers and traders on the Upper Missouri and its wibutaries.

A TRAGEDY FIFTY YEARS AGO.

The story, as related by old Jesse Applegate, is as follows: When Jim Bridger was a young man he became identified with the American Fur Company, which, more than half a century ago, kept a Winter headquarters near the mouth of the Kansas River. This trading post was in charge of the Choctaws, of St. Louis, Missouri. Here the Otoes, Kickapoos, Osages and Kaw tribes came to trade, and here, also, the fast boatmen and fur traders, *voyageurs* and others in the employment of the American Fur Company passed their Winters and prepared for their Spring trip up the Missouri River after furs and peltries. In the Spring of 1833 Jim Bridger, with a party of eight or ten hunters, trappers and fur traders, started for the Yellowstone country to spend two or three seasons hunting or trapping. The journey was a long and tiresome one, and as they had made a late start the season was far advanced when they reached the present site of old Fort Randall. They had abandoned their boat and were making their way on foot to Fort Benton, where the following tragedy occurred:

The party was marching in single file through a densely wooded region, each carrying his kit containing food, ammunition and traps strapped upon his back, his rifle upon his shoulder. The leader of the party, a young hunter named Tom Glass, was 10 or 15 feet in advance of the rest of the party when a large she bear and two cubs were met in the trail. Before Glass could redress the monster had seized him in a deathly hug and bore him to the earth. Before the bear was killed it had torn open the unfortunate man's abdomen, exposing the intestines, and wrenched his left arm clear off the socket at the shoulder. His companions did all in their power to relieve Glass and ease his intolerable pain, but all agreed that he could not live long. His abdomen was bound with buckskin bands, and his left arm, which adhered to the shoulder merely by pieces of lacerated flesh, was washed, bound and tied to his side, and he was laid out to die.

LEFT ALONE TO DIE.

As the party was in a great hurry, owing to the lateness of the season, it was decided to leave one of the party to attend on Glass and bury him when he died, while the rest continued their journey. Lots were cast to see who should remain with the dying man, and Bridger was selected. It appears that Indians were fierce and hostile along the Missouri River, and Bridger did not relish his task very keenly. He sat beside the wounded man one day and one night, during which Glass became delirious and raved wildly.

On the second morning Bridger determined to anticipate the death which he supposed was certain to claim his companion and overtake his associates. So, while Glass was unconscious or asleep, Bridger gathered up what few effects he deemed most valuable, belonging to Glass, including his rifle, ammunition, etc., and quietly stole away, leaving the wounded man to die alone. He succeeded in overtaking his comrades and reported to them that Glass had died and he had buried him and brought away his arms and traps. Nothing more was heard of the affair until the following season, when a terrible *denouement* was made, and Bridger fled to the mountain trib es to save his life. It appears that Glass awoke from his delirium on the second day after Bridger had left him. He found himself weak, alone without arms, food or help, and suffering intensely for water. He realized only vaguely his terrible situation. He remembered the bear and the departure of his companions after leaving Bridger to attend to him. He could see a cool, bubbling spring of water less than 20 feet away, and he was dying for water.

INDESCRIBABLE TORTURES AND AN EXTRAORDINARY JOURNEY.

He managed, after a long and tedious effort, during which he suffered the most intense agony, to reach the water with his right arm. There he lay several days, bathing his wounds with water and keeping down the fever. As he had no food, his fever soon left him, and in a few days he was able to crawl about on one side and one elbow. By a rare provision of Providence a buffalo calf had died on the plains not far from the grave in which Glass lay. He managed to crawl to the carcase, and by the aid of his hunting knife, which Bridger had failed to find, the wounded man satisfied his hunger. He hid by the side of the carcass several days, during which he cut and dried several pieces of meat, and then crawled back to the water. More than a month after this time the outposts at Fort Randall were astonished to see a strange looking object crawling slowly toward the stockade gate. It did not look like a human being, nor did it resemble any known animal, but it kept slowly crawling along, making neither noise or sign. It was picked up and carried into the fort, where, after being washed and cleaned it proved to be the animated skeleton of Tom Glass, the abandoned hunter. He had made his way, crawling along like a snake, upon one side, a distance of more than one hundred miles. He had lived upon roots, reptiles and berries and even grass during the latter half of his terrible journey. What he suffered was known only to himself. His wounded arm was withered and dried; the wounds upon his body were partially healed the fresh buckskin having almost grown to the lacerated skin.

A MISSION OF VENGEANCE.

With kind attention and care Glass was able during the following Spring to walk about, and then he started forth on his mission of vengeance. He made his way to Fort Benton, on the upper Missouri, where he was regarded by his former comrades as an apparition and created consternation in the camp. Locally for Bridger he was absent trapping up in the Big Horn country. However, he was duly tried by proxy and sentenced by his old companions—the French and half breeds—to die at the hands of the first person who might meet him. He was declared an outlaw, a renegade, and doomed to death.

By some means Bridger learned, to his great horror, that the man he thought dead and devoured by wolves was alive, and that he had been tried by his comrades and doomed to die. He learned also that Glass had sworn to follow him until he killed him. To escape this fate and to avoid meeting white men who might know of his crime Jim Bridger fled to the Rocky Mountains and made his home among the Shoshone tribe, where he remained for more than four years, when Glass discovered his retreat. Bridger again fled and went to the Blackfeet, where Glass again followed him. Bridger started south and joined the Ogalalla Sioux, who, finding Glass lurking about their village, shot him as a spy. With the death of Tom Glass in 1838 Bridger felt himself safe from pursuit.

He never afterward attempted to fraternize with or associate with the old crowd of hunters on the Upper Missouri. He crossed the mountains, joined his old friends, the Shoshones or Snake Indians, built Fort Bridger, where he lived with his squaw quietly for many years, a quiet and silent man. He was kind but not generous to the white emigrants who met with him on the trail. He would not allow them to run into danger nor permit the Indians to attack the whites without warning them if he could reach them. He was a healthful but rather selfish man, neglecting himself at any time. As a general rule the old man disliked to carouse with strangers, but as he grew old he became almost garrulous among his acquaintances, while at other times he would decline even to say yes or no to a civil question.

Thus is explained by one of the scout's oldest acquaintances the singular mystery of Jim Bridger's early life and the cause of his lifetime exile among the Indian tribes of the Northwest.

RECENT LITERATURE.

PEN PICTURES OF MODERN AUTHORS. Published by G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York.

This volume presents not biographies of the writers whose names are found upon its pages, but a series of sketches made up of articles selected from the vivid word pictures which they give of those whose names are familiar to the public. The book will be found to be exceedingly interesting, because it brings the reader face to face with each author just as if he hadentered into their homes for a brief visit.

FAUSTINE. A Novel. By Rita, author of Dupluis, etc. Published by J. B. Lippincott & Co., Philadelphia.

The publications of this firm in the way of fiction are of a certain class now so well known that the name of the publisher is sufficient to give some idea of the character of the book. The present novel is somewhat different from their usual publications. It is a story of French life and hinges upon the subtlety and treachery of a priest of the Catholic Church. The language and indeed the plot reminds one of "Ouida." It is highly wrought and to those who like sensational stories cannot fail to please.

BROUGHT TO BAY. By E. P. Roe. Published by Estes & Lauriat, Boston.

This author is too well known to require more than the announcement of the fact that he has given a new work to the public. The present is a story of the West and South, and abounds in striking situations, with a mystery which is unfolded at the last when the story is brought to a happy termination. It will doubtless find many readers.

THE CLEVERDALE MYSTERY; or, The Machine and its Wheels. A Story of American Life. By Wm. A. Wilstach, Editor of the Whitehall (N. Y.) *Times*. Cloth, $1.00. Published by Ford, Howard & Hulbert, New York.

The scenes of the book are largely in the lovely Lake George region, and while "Cleverdale" can hardly be recognized as any specific one of the many wide awake country towns of Central New York, it is a familiar type and the originals of the characters could be duplicated by hundreds all over the land. In spite of the unhappy tragedy it includes, this is a wholesome, attractive, and readable story, which ought to be, and doubtless will be read by multitudes, who will chuckle over its fun, and think twice about its meanings. It is peculiarly timely at this season of nominations, campaigns, and elections; but will be worth reading at any time.

NICHOLAS MINTURN. By J. G. Holland. Published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

This is one of the several editions of Mr. Holland's works which have been given to the public since the author's death. This volume is uniform with the others put forth by this firm.

WASTED SYMPATHY.

Throwing a Hen Down a 5,000 Foot Precipice.

Speaking of standing at the edge of the Yosemite Valley at Union Peak Derrick Dodd, of the San Francisco *Post*, gives his experience as follows:

Indeed, it is something to stop the beating of a chamois's heart to lean over the iron railing set between two verge toppling bowlders on the peak's brink, and glance down into the bottomless awful gulf below. It makes spiders of ice crawl down one's spine, and the hair of one of the party, whose hat happened to be off, as he bent over the rail, suggested an actor pulling the string of a "freight wig" in a minstrel guest scene.

As a part of the usual program, we experimented as to the time taken by different objects in reaching the bottom of the cliff. An ordinary stone tossed over remained in sight an incredible long time, but finally vanished somewhere about the middle distance. A handkerchief, with a stone tied in the corner, was visible perhaps a thousand feet deeper. Even a large empty box watched by a field glass could not be traced to its concussion to the valley floor. Finally the landlord appeared on the scene, carrying an antique hen under his arm. This, in spite of the terrified ejaculations and entreaties of the ladies, he deliberately threw over the cliff's edge. A rooster might have gone this to his doom in stolid silence, but the sex of this unfortunate bird asserted itself the moment it started on its awful journey into space. With an ear-piercing cackle that gradually grew fainter as it fell, the poor hen shot downward, now beating the air with ineffectual wings, and now, frantically clawing at the very wind that slanted her first this way and then that, the helpless fowl shot down, down until it became a mere fluff of feathers no larger than a quail. Then it dwindled into a wren's size, disappeared, then again dotted the sight a moment, as a pin's point, and then—it was gone!

After drawing a long breath all around, the women folks pitched into the hen's owner with remodled zest. But the genial McStanley shook his head knowingly, and replied:

"Don't be alarmed about that chicken, ladies. She's used to it. She goes over that cliff every day during the season."

And, sure enough, on our road back we met the old hen about half-way up the trail, calmly picking her way home. Then only did we realize that we had been wasting our sympathy on a regular iron-clad hotel Spring chicken.

Persian Carpets.

Stack's Six Months in Persia.

I went to see a factory reputed to be the largest in the City, though employing less than 30 hands. The wretched weavers sat in two low rooms, filled with a sour and sickening atmosphere. Most of them were pale-faced, weakly children of 10 or 12 years, who hardly looked up when I entered, but remained bent over their work, picking up the threads with their nails, which are kept long and notched for the purpose. The patterns are written out in pamphlets and painfully committed to memory, and the children are taught very young—the younger the better. Their memories are quicker than those of grown-up folk. So far as I could understand the patterns, they seemed to be written in much the same style as those directions for knitting or crochet which one sometimes finds on a lady's table—knit two, purl one, thread over, and knit two together. There was also a youth employed in reading one of the patterns aloud. A carpet about 16 feet by 10 can be purchased in Karman for 40 to 50 tomas—$80 to $100. Some carpets will take a year to make, and a decently good carpet will not be finished in less than three months; thus, although there are several hundred factories in and about Karman, the out-turn of carpets is in no way alarming.

Faint Glimpse of a Good Scheme.

Philadelpata Press.

There are intelligent and honest Republicans who believe that the abuses which plague the Republican party in Pennsylvania can be reformed without putting the Democracy into power. Is it worth trying?

Dorsey's Eyes on Indiana.

Cincinnati Enquirer

It is not expected that Dorsey will shed many tears when he sees Indiana go Democratic this Fall. He will rather point to it as a terrible warning to Republicans to not to go back on a friend.

Folger Finds a Critic.

Cincinnati Commercial.

Sec. Folger's letter of acceptance was able and high-toned, but a little too pathetic.

OCTOBER.

HELEN FISKE JACKSON.

O suns and skies and clouds of June,
And flowers of June together,
Ye cannot rival for one hour
October's bright blue weather;

When loud the bumble-bee makes haste,
Belated, thr flies, fo-grant;
And golden rod is dying fast,
And lanes with grapes are fragrant;

When gentians roll their fringes tight
To save them for the morning,
And chestnuts fall from satin burrs
Without a sound of warning;

When on the ground the apples lie
In piles, like jewels shining,
And robber still on old stone walls
Are leaves of woodbine twining;

When all the lovely wayside things
Their white-winged seeds are sowing,
And in the fields, still green and fair,
Late aftermaths are growing;

When springs run low, and on the brooks
In idle golden freighting,
Bright leaves sink noiseless in the hush
Of woods for Winter waiting;

When comrades seek sweet country haunts
By two and twos together,
And count like misers, hour by hour,
October's bright blue weather.

O suns and skies and flowers of June,
Count all your beauties together,
Love loved best of all the year
October's bright blue weather.

WAKING UP THE WRONG MAN.

Woodtick Williams and the Feverish Hornet.

Chicago Tribune.

"Yes, that's so," said Woodtick Williams, thoughtfully, as he squirted a half gill of tobacco juice through his teeth at a bumble bee's ear, and then looked out across the divide and beyond the foothills, toward the top of the range, where the eternal snow was glittering in the Summer sun.

"You are eminently correct. The gentleman from Buckskin has stated the exact opinion of the subscriber, sure as death and semi annual assessments.

"Every profession has its style of lead and the peculiar dip toward the horizon. From the towering Congressman down to the neglected advance agent of the everlasting Gospel, every profession, I allow, has its peculiar lingo. Every pork-and-beans lingo from the States that's been in my camp for 27 years has said that the miner sings more unnecessary professional rackets than anybody else; but that ain't so. Take folks as they assay, from biscuit-rock to lower level, there ain't much difference.

"Nine years ago, I and Timberline Monroe and Kanooter Lemons, from Zion, struck the Feverish Hornet up on Slippery Ellum. First, we knew the prospecting season had closed up on us, and, as the layout for surface had pinched out we decided to sink on the Hornet, just for luck.

"So Timberline Kooter and me went over to Huckleberry Oleson's store at the lower camp, and soaked our physiognomy for chuck and valley-tand and basin'n' outfit for the job.

"Down five foot she showed 150 colors to a hunk of rock no bigger'n a plug of tobacker, with wall rocks well defined, both sides and foot wall slick as a confidence game in 'Frisco.

"The quartz with a light coat of gouge, looked as if she'd been jammed through the formation like a Sunday School scholar's elbow through a custard pie, and it had crushed the prehistoric snuffin' and presdamn'e sawdust out of the geological crust in good shape.

"Kat'ooter,' says I, 'if she shows up this way all the way down I be totally dodbuttered if I don't think we've cornered the sugar at last. We'll run her down to 10 foot and see how she looks to the naked eye.'

"Ten foot down she'd widened to three foot between walls, with solid gray quartz as pretty as a bank book. Then we made a mill-run of five pounds in a half gallon mortar, and cleared up a dollar's worth of dust on the blade of a long handled shovel.

"The prospectus of the Feverish Hornet was cheering indeed.

"I sat down on a candle-box and sang something. I always twitter a few notes when I feel tickled about any thing.

"Katooter listened to my singing a little while, and then he went down the gulch murmuring something about my music, and intimating that prosperity always had its drawbacks—after all.

"He slid down to the Prescoed Hell and jammed his old freckled hide so full of horse-liniment of the vintage of '49 that he got entirely off the lead, and drifted so far into poverty rock that he didn't know Timberlane nor me from a stomach-pump.

"That's generally the way with men that turn up their nose at vocal music.

"Well, he got no better so rapidly that next day he was occupying a front seat at the biggest delirium triangle you ever heard of, and was the sole proprietor of the biggest aggregation of seal brown tarantulas and variegated caterpillars and imported centipedes that ever exhibited in Columbia's fair domain.

"Every little while he'd pull some diabolical insect crawling up his sleeve or gently walking through his hair, and then he'd yell like a maniac and pray and swear like a hired man.

"The atmosphere seemed to be level-full of bumble-bees as big as a cookstove, and every time they'd cuddle up to him or sink on him with their sultry little gimlets, Katooter would jump up and whoop like a Piute medicine-man trying to assuage a wide waste of turbulent cucumber.

"At these times Katooter would lay aside his wardrobe, and throwing me into the fire-place and Timberline under the bed, he would wander forth into the starlight, with the thermometer down to 37 degrees, and wrapped in nothing but his surging thoughts.

"By the time Timberline and me would get up and swab the cobwebs and cinders out of our eyes Katooter would be half-way up the gulch and lighting out like a freckled Greek Slave hunting for a clothing store.

"First along we used to run after him and try to tire him out and corral him, but he was most too skipful, and apparently so all fired anxious to put all the intervening distance he could between himself and the fuzzy tarantulas and fall sayle of centipede that he made some pretty tall time considering the poor trail and the light mountain air.

"Then another thing: when we got to him he was so pesky mean to hang on to.

"You have probably tried before now, when you were small, to catch the boy who tied your shirt to the top limb of a dead tree, and you have thrown all your energy into the effort, but you decided after a while to wait till he got his clothes on before you punished him.

"That's the way it was with Katooter. He was the smartest man I ever tried to gather into the fold. We'd think we had him, and all at once he'd glide between our legs like a yaller dog and laugh a wild kind of laugh that would run the thermometer down 13 degrees, and away he'd glimmer up the trail like a red-headed right of

Answers to Correspondents

We are obliged to remind our readers that there are a number of questions which we cannot answer, viz.

Letters not accompanied by the name of the writer, which is required for publication. The name is not required for publication, but as an evidence of good faith. All letters must comply with this rule find their way at once into the basket.

Mathematical problems and questions in grammar. We are willing to give at all times an opportunity to ask and answer the latter, but we have not the type necessary for the former problems and solutions.

Questions which in the judgment of the editor are not proper in the columns of the paper. Hundreds of questions come to this Department every week, and the editor must be allowed the discretion in making selections which tend to promote the general interest.

Questions which relate to the standing or reliability of individuals, firms or corporations doing a general business. The BLADE'S endeavor will be to avoid all personalities, and it is not the province of its columns to devote the time necessary for the investigation of an individual or a firm in the transaction of business.

Questions of the character of the legal advice which can be obtained only of a competent attorney-at-law. Such inquiries are not answered because time would be lost by the attorney and fail to receive an answer they would be required to wait for such information, and sufficient rea ons.

Questions to which subscribers will keep all information they may possess relative to the business and editorial department of the BLADE entirely separate and distinct from the paper's private leaves. Questions for publication should never be written on the same sheet with letters containing subscriptions or business matters. Letters intended for this department of the paper should be marked "Correspondence."

T. F., Salt Lake City, Cal.: Sess. Conkling and Arthur were elected May 16, 1881.

A. W. O., Bairdstown, Ia.: The total coinage of the United States in 1881 amounted to $.25,

C. C., Colebrook, Wis.: John W. Forney presided Calhoun as Vice President of the Senate. 2. Who will succeed Queen Victoria on the throne of England? 3. What nation have been elected by Congress? 4. Who was the first woman who won of Greece? 5. Who was the last King of Bulgaria? 6. What is the capital of that country?

J. T., Wayland, Ind.: 1. Who was President protem of the Senate when Albert Edward, born November 9, 1841, visited this country? 2. Thomas Jefferson and John Adams died on the same day. 3. Name the years. 4. Solon, Cicero, Plutarch, Bias, Chilo, Pittacus and Thales 5. Jenny Lind died in the state of the Weekly.

J. R., Oakland, Iowa: 1. Can you inform me how many inhabitants there are in the city of the United States? 2. Where can I get a brief sketch of Oscar Wilde, the poet? 3. Of whom was I can procure the Life of Wilde, published several years ago by Houghton & Boston Bazaar? 4. Can I procure the Life of Wilde, published several years ago by Houghton & Boston Bazaar? 4. Can I procure the Life of Wilde, published several years ago by Houghton & Boston Bazaar?

J. E. Jones, Ill.: 1. Can you inform me how many inhabitants there are in the city of the United States? 2. Where can I get a brief sketch of Oscar Wilde, the poet? 3. Of whom was I can

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THE BLADE,
TOLEDO, O.

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Circulation last Week, 90,000.

"RHODY'S" LETTER.

The letter from "Rhody" from the "Land of the Midnight Sun" will be read with great interest. She graphically depicts that strange country where the sun shines when, to our thought, darkness should brood over the world. Her pictures of the voyage and of the people of Finland and Sweden are well executed, and the readers of the BLADE will doubtless enjoy them much.

THE HOUSEHOLD.

About the first of November will be commenced in the HOUSEHOLD, the series of papers upon "Physical Education of Women" by the Editor of that Department, Miss E. S. BOLTON, which were mentioned last week. The object of these papers is not only to show how girls should be taught so that they may grow up stout and healthy, but also to help women who have lost their health to regain it, in a measure at least, and thus to make life more tolerable.

"GALLIMAUFRY."

In a few weeks Mr. JOHN MCELROY will begin a series of miscellaneous contributions under the head of "Gallimaufry," which will take a wide range, and are expected to be of the greatest interest.

THE NEW TYPE.

Our new type, of which we spoke last week, is now on its way to the BLADE, and the issue of Nov. 2 will be printed thereon. Of course, a greatly improved appearance in the paper may be expected.

PRINCE BISMARCK dislikes operatic singers. He must have known some of them.

THE Nihilists claim that it was not the CZAR, but a well-made wax effigy of him that took the recent public rides.

CINCINNATI *Saturday Night:* A correspondent asks how to make a Jewsharp. All that we ever saw were that way.

JAMES G. BLAINE sent a contribution of $50 for a monument for BEN HILL. It is the first from any prominent Northern man.

THE crops this year are fairly abundant all over the world, and will have the effect to make good times everywhere.

FORT FILLOW CHALMERS has abandoned his canvass, giving ill-health as a reason. Mr. CHALMERS is slowly understanding that his day has set.

THE newly discovered explosive called "panclastite" is said to be much more powerful than dynamite and at the same time safer, because it takes much more force to set it off.

DR. ALFRED CARPENTER pronounces the high silk hat "one of the most idiotic of all human instruments of torture." They are sometimes worse than a tight boot to get on "the next morning."

VANDERBILT says he did not say "—— the public!" He would have it distinctly understood that he is not that kind of a man. Though he waters stocks it is not necessary to dam anything for the purpose.

THERE is a sweet little child poem which we would commend to the attention of our jubilant Democratic friends. It runs thus:

Dear little boy, when prone you lay
Across the most real knee,
Beneath the slipper's vengeful play,
If e'er darling mother's,
And young companions howl with joy,
Dear child do not get vexed—
You may laugh at that so [illegible] boy;
It may be [illegible]

ARE we never to hear the last of the wretched little French youth, whom the Zulus assegaied, to the great benefit of France and Europe? The papers now are full of chatter about a portrait which EUGENIE is to have painted by a celebrated painter. The little fellow gets more reputation than he would if he had amounted to something.

Now let us have a new coat of arms for the State of Ohio—a lager beer keg—rampant, trampling upon a prostrate citizen. The design may not be pretty, but it has many heraldic possibilities. The old robber barons chose lions, bears, wolves, eagles, hawks, and similar types of rapacity for their cognizances, but they are all small potatos alongside of the all-powerful beer keg.

ANYBODY can sell a good subscription book. The Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, O., want an agent in every Township to sell "Nasby in Exile." It is the best selling book in the country, and agents are making from $5 00 to $15 00 per day. An outfit costs but $1.00. Secure territory while you can get it. Now is the time to sell books.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK.

The official returns for the Ohio election are not all in yet, nearly half the counties not having reported, but there is enough known to fix the Democratic plurality at about 18,000. The causes which led to this reversal of the comfortable Republican majority last year are simple and easily understood. They are about as follows:

1. Ohio is a large State, with about 700,000 voters, divided among 2,000 election precincts. To have an average of 10 Republicans in each of these precincts feel so little interest in the election as to be indifferent about going to the polls, makes a reduction of 20,000 in the aggregate vote, and a difference of 40,000 in the result. When the full vote is counted and compared with those of previous years, it will be found that 15 or 20, or possibly more Republican voters were so disheartened by the course of things since GARFIELD'S death that they absented themselves from the polls and let the election go by default.

2. The Legislature "Gerrymandered" the State last Winter, as badly as a Democratic Legislature dealing with South Carolina or Mississippi. This had a disheartening effect on the people, who naturally feel that it is even less justifiable for a Republican Legislature to do wrong than for a Democratic. It is no excuse to say that the whole South has been Gerrymandered to secure the next Congress, and that it is proper that the Republicans Gerrymander whenever they have the power in self-defense. The practice is wrong, whoever resorts to it.

3. The greatest factor of defeat—next to the stay-at-homes—were the liquor-sellers, who, alarmed at the development of the Temperance sentiment, made a desperate stand against it, with all their power, and liberal contributions of money. They entered the campaign with a grant of $30,000 to the campaign fund of the Democracy, and they added to this during the canvass from a pretty steep assessment of the saloon-keepers of the State. They brought all their machinery to bear to secure the desired result. Not only every saloon keeper was converted into a Democratic worker at the polls, but every small grocer, ice-dealer, dealers in lemons, cigars, glassware, butchers, bakers, milkmen,—in short all who look to the saloonists for patronage were relentlessly bulldozed into working for and voting the Democratic ticket. Considering the indefatigable work on the part of the opposition and languor of the Republicans, the wonder is rather that the Democratic majority was not larger.

WEST VIRGINIA shows unmistakable evidences of growing Republicanism. The Republican vote was largely increased in every part of the State on Tuesday, and it is now a settled fact that two of the four Congressmen elected are Republicans—GOFF in the First District, and MASON in the Second, both receiving handsome majorities. We are prepared to see West Virginia wheel squarely into the Republican ranks at the next Presidential election.

PREPARATIONS for the trial of ARABI PASHA have not yet been completed owing to the delay over the question of counsel. ARABI declares that he will defend himself if refused English counsel. The Egyptian Government prefers to give him up to the military authorities rather than allow him to be defended by foreign counsel. They fear that he will escape, and it is a general feeling that Egypt cannot be peaceful as long as he is allowed to live, since he may at any moment become the leader in some new rebellion. It is the opinion of Englishmen who know Egypt and its people that he should be left to his fate.

IT is quite possible that the English invasion of Egypt may result in greater good to that country than was at first thought of. The necessity of defending the war from their critics at home has led English statesmen to look a little more closely into the current of events in Egypt since 1875, and especially has forced them to declare that they were not fighting in the bondholders' quarrel. They now recognize some at least of the blunders they made, and they are far from anxious to restore the *status quo* simply. It is the French who are anxious to have the dual Control restored, and to see resumed the old processes of extorting piastres from the *fellahs* by the lash. French officials are flocking back to Egypt to take up the offices from which they fled when the trouble began.

THE question of moment now seems to be in regard to the Suez Canal. The English demand that it shall be made larger to accommodate the shipping that passes through it otherwise they will build a new and larger one. They also ask for what approaches a controlling interest in the management. As far as the first demand is concerned, it is easier said than done. There is no route as good as the one DE LESSEPS chose, and none involving so little expense. The second demand is on a par with England's usual insolence. There is no law to compel the owners to sell their property. Had the English chosen to subscribe freely for its stock, when the canal was building, they might have got the majority of it. It was cheaper in those days, than it has been at any time since. But they only sneered at M. DE LESSEPS and his canal, and left to French capitalists and the French Government the burden of the undertaking.

THERE is a prospect of some farther trouble in the East, as recent news has come that the Kurdish Sheikh OBEIDULLAH has issued a manifesto to those of his people who pay tribute to Persia, to rise and shake off the tyranny of the Persian Government. He is said to be at Schiari with 17,000 men.

AFTER all of the time, labor and money expended upon the Capitol at Albany, it is found that the building is too heavy for its foundation, and considerable changes will have to be made to render it safe. Among other things the beautiful stone ceiling of the Assembly Chamber will have to be taken down and a wooden one put up in its place.

ARABI PASHA wants to come to this country in case his countrymen let him off this time for stirring up a fight over there. All right; Ohio is rather demoralized just now, the saloon keepers having got the control, and it is a good State for just such a man to come to. He can do a good work here.

HARK! from saloons a joyful sound,
Mine ears attend the cry,
'Tis beer that makes the world go round,
For beer we'll live and die.

FUTURE OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY.

The State of Ohio has gone against the Republican party by a very emphatic majority. It must be admitted that the strong probability is that this example will be followed by Indiana, Pennsylvania and New York. The causes which brought about the defeat in Ohio are even more potent and active in those States. The Temperance issue is quite as far to the front in Indiana as it was in the Buckeye State, and shows identical features. That is, all the friends of Free Liquor are at work with the vigor of men upholding a bad and selfish cause, while the Republicans and the friends of Temperance are languid and indifferent. As Indiana is an exceedingly close State, such a condition of affairs presages a sweeping Democratic victory.

In New York and Pennsylvania active dissensions among the Republicans take he place of the apathy in Ohio and Indiana, and victory, difficult to win with the party united, becomes almost hopeless in face of such discordance.

Then will go up a general clamor that the Republican party is at last surely dying, and that there is but little left but to decently inter the corpse, and administer upon its effects. The camp-followers, the bummers, the hospital rats, and the bounty-jumpers will at once scud over to the Democracy, and leave a wholesome vacancy where was once their noisome presence.

This good riddance of bad rubbish will be the sweetest of the uses of our adversity. Like many an army the party will be strengthened by the wholesale desertion of its demoralizing elements.

The presence of these political harpies, and their perversion of the party to their selfish purposes, is what has driven away, or rendered indifferent the best element of the party, and so brought about dishonor and defeat. With them gone the party will resume its old attractiveness to men of ideas and principles, and be not long in resuming its former commanding place.

They who speak of the Republican party's dying now, utter foolishness, and the truth is not in them. Wherever, in Heaven's name, are those who are now Republicans going to find a political abiding place, with the Republican party gone? Certainly not with the Democracy. Little as they may have liked the occasional aspect of things in the Republican party, they are the farthest remove from linking themselves with the chronic foulness and corruption of the Democracy.

The most dissatisfied Republican in the United States to-day must admit to himself and the world that there are a hundred possibilities for good to the country in the Republican party where there is one in the Democratic. There is not the slightest probability of a new party arising which will be superior to the old—there is nothing now to lay the foundations of such a party. The Republican party, therefore, must be maintained, if for no other reason than as a recourse from the fearful alternative alternative of supporting the Democracy.

It is needed now, as much as ever, to resist the ruinous ideas and practices of what Col. BOB INGERSOLL very happily called the "settlings of the country"—the Democratic party. These men never had power but they used it with the most unfortunate results. They never fail to take the wrong side of any great question presented to them, and their very existence in an organization is a perpetual menace.

The Republican party is not dead. That 25 or 30 Republican voters in each Precinct in Ohio who felt so little satisfaction with the management of the party that they did not go to the polls shows nothing only that they had reasons for indifference as to the result. If they had voted with the Democracy it would have had a much more serious outlook. But, with the exception of a few thousand Germans who struck for "Beer and Liberty," they did not do this. They simply staid away from the polls, as they have a habit of doing in Ohio when the party management is distasteful to them.

The same explanation will apply to Indiana, Pennsylvania and New York. When any issue of National importance is again presented to the people the Democrats will as invariably take the wrong side of it, as they have always done, and the Republican party will sweep the country again with its old-time majorities.

The failures this year will make victory in 1884 certain. The Democrats are now,—as they always are upon the first gleam of success—intoxicated with the idea that the country is about to be handed over to them for all time. They can not help so grossly abusing their victory,—so disporting themselves in their hour of triumph, as to give the country a fearful fright as to the danger of entrusting them with any more power.

Next year the revulsion will come, with all the Republicans out and voting, and the Democracy will go down again into its old wallow in the Slough of Despond.

SILK PRODUCTION.

It is said that California could be one of the best silk producing countries in the world. The freedom from atmospheric disturbances gives the silk worms a chance for uninterrupted work, and the cocoons reel off fully one third more silk than the French, and the fibre is stronger and more even. But unfortunately for the progress in this direction there is as yet no profit in them, altho the time must come in the near future when there will be.

At present the silk grains or eggs raised there find a ready market in France, and lately one house in Lyons sent an order for 200 ounces and more, if they could be got. It appears that they are healthier, and easier to make live, at the same time producing more silk than their own.

The prospect is now that emigrants from France and Italy will come to California for the purpose of raising raw silk there for the home market. To those who understand the reeling of the silk from the cocoons it offers fine inducements, for the business needs small capital and will make good returns. That those who are now living there begin to appreciate the fact is shown by the extensive planting of mulberry trees now going on all over the State.

NASBY IN EXILE.

All out of employment should at once secure territory for Mr LOCKE'S new book, and commence the canvass at once. It is a most prosperous season, and the most inexperienced agent can sell over 100 copies before the Holidays. Send to Locke Publishing Co., Toledo, Ohio, for particulars.

THE population of the City of London increases at the rate of 600,000 a year.

THE DEMOCRACY'S NEW ALLIES.

Unquestionably the Free Beer fanatics will take all the credit of the victory in Ohio to themselves. They are not a modest lot by any means, and for years have claimed that they held the Republican party in their hands. Their overwhelming success when they threw their weight against the party will confirm them in their estimate of their own importance, and will intensify their arrogance and intolerance.

This will make them as unpleasant accessions to the Democracy as the worst enemies of that organization could wish. They go into the party as friends and allies, but it is about the same as the Germans 10 centuries ago went into Lombardy, Piedmont, and other parts of Northern Italy as "guests," but speedily seized all the lands of their "hosts."

Denied the rulership of the Republican party they have accepted that of the Democracy. It is likely the Democrats do not understand that they have become the serfs of the Free Beer Barons. Nor did the Britons understand they were putting their necks in a German yoke when they invited the Anglo-Saxons to help them against the Picts.

But understand it or not, the party is henceforth a mere retinue of the Free Beer lords. They can hold the whip of defeat over its head and point to what they have done as evidence of what they can do; they can control nominating conventions, dictate who shall have office, and who shall not, order the party's policy and make from highest to lowest dance at their piping.

Nor will they be reluctant or modest about doing it. They were far from being distinguished for humility when in the Republican party. Now, when events seem to show how well solidified are their forces, how easily they can move them from one camp to the other, and how certainly they can give victory to their friends and defeat to their opponents, they are likely to make their new retainers enjoy all the beauties of "a strong government."

We are in a position to enjoy the spectacle of the Democrats being whipt into the traces. For the next year or so it will be a circus all the time in the Democratic ranks, with no postponement on account of the weather, or the indistinction of performers.

MORE OF KING BEER.

It is well understood that Ohio is given over to saloon keepers, that beer is king—the last election has made that fact patent to everybody—and now it appears that enterprising, energetic Chicago will be under the same control, unless the Mayor of that City uses his authority to give a check to recent proceedings. In this case the children of evil have clothed themselves in the garments of light, and doubtless many will be dazzled and misled thereby.

The Illinois State law provides certain penalties for selling liquors to minors, intoxicated persons and drunkards. The enforcement of this law would curtail the sale of beer and whisky to some extent so brewers and saloon keepers put their heads together to see what could be done for its defeat. With the help of their Aldermanic friends they managed to secure the passage of an ordinance by the City Council to impose a heavy fine upon any minor who buys a drink in a saloon, or engages in any game of chance where liquor is sold, or procures liquor thro misrepresentation of age. It also fines any drunken man or habitual drunkard who purchases liquor for his own use.

At first blush this may seem an aid to the cause of Temperance, but a little reflection will show that it is anything but that, and the wily saloon keepers did well when they bought or cajoled the City Council into passing such an ordinance. The law as it stood had the effect of causing the parents of minors and the friends of drunkards to complain of those saloon-keepers who furnished liquor to such persons, and to be witness of the fact in the prosecution. Now that the parents and friends will be compelled to pay the fines, they will not be very likely to give information, but rather to endeavor to prevent the exposure, so that it will really help the saloon keepers to make drunkards rather than prevent their doing so.

So far the affair has been very skilfully manipulated, but the ordinance has not yet become law. Concerning the matter, the Chicago *Tribune* says:

Fortunately this new ordinance cannot become a law with out the Mayor's signature, and unless Mr Harrison is as completely subject to saloon dictation as are most of the Aldermen who voted for it he will not give it his approval. The law prohibiting the sale of liq or to minors, and assessing a fine upon saloon-keepers who violate it, is one of the most beneficial, humane, and reasonable efforts ever made to prevent drunkenness by legislation and police interference. It has the support and approval of every man and every woman who has children and does not keep a saloon. It is approved even by the more respectable saloon-keepers, who find no difficulty in protecting themselves against imposition under the law. But it might just as well be repealed if this new ordinance shall go into effect, which imposes a fine of from $25 to $100 upon the only witnesses who can convict saloon-keepers for violating it. Thereafter saloon keepers may train children to drunkenness without constraint.

GERMAN ELECTION.

The election excitement in Germany this month is greater than in this country, for the result will show whether BISMARCK and absolutism are still to prevail or the principles of the Liberals. It is a fight between parliamentary rights and monarchy, and the result will show the disposition of the mass of the people.

It will be remembered that a short time since BISMARCK issued a pronunciamento, to the effect that the throne is the great power in the land and that Parliament and the Ministry are simply its agents. This was the substance of the decree, and it now remains to be seen whether BISMARCK'S power is sufficient to make this received and acted upon hereafter.

The Liberal party have let all minor differences go and united against this idea that the King is the State and therefore the absolute and only ruler of the people, and the fight is a bitter one. They are determined to extend the electoral privileges, rather than to narrow them, and advocate local self-government in the small German States.

It is difficult to foretell the result. There is the old reverence for monarchy in the person of King WILLIAM, and the still powerful influence of BISMARCK, of whom the Germans are proud, on the one side, while upon the other was arrayed the advanced ideas in regard to government and progress, which are making their way everywhere in Europe. The outcome of the struggle will be watched with interest.

UNTIL lately the great current of Italian emigration has been directed to South America, and 17,000 landed at Montevideo every year.

PERUVIAN AFFAIRS.

The complications in Peru, the sympathy felt for her troubles and the sharp criticisms of Mr. BLAINE in connection with his proposed course in South American matters, have all combined to render the happenings in both Chili and Peru of especial interest. Just now it centers upon the reported return of PIEROLA, who, it will be remembered, was obliged to give up his Presidency and flee to Europe. It is now confidently asserted that he will go back to Peru and attempt to re-establish his authority. He does not deny his intention of returning, and preparations are being made for his reception, while many of those who were formerly his trusted friends are at Panama awaiting his arrival.

It does not yet appear what course the Chilians will take under these circumstances. PIEROLA promptly denied by telegraph the existence of any understanding between himself and the Chilian representative in Paris to give up Tarapaca. This was necessary in order not to turn from himself the good will of the people who would not brook the surrender of a portion of the national territory by any advance pledge. The Chilians may, however see in his restoration to power a good chance for obtaining what they covet, and unite with him in an attack upon Arequipa, or they may remain idle spectators of the struggle between PIEROLA and the CALDERON-MONTERO faction. It will be remembered CALDERON is reported to have been permitted to visit Arequipa with Dr. LOGAN, the American Minister to Santiago, for the purpose of negotiating a peace which would be acceptable to the Chilians. Now it is said the visit failed on account of the severity of the conditions insisted upon by Chili, and that MONTERO will throw off his allegiance to CALDERON and endeavor to obtain the Presidency for himself. This will compel the United States to determine whether it will recognize MONTERO or PIEROLA, as the question of authority will then lie between the two.

This is the present condition of matters. Further developments can not be long delayed, for PIEROLA'S arrival must precipitate a struggle unless he is set once accepted by the whole country, which it is not probable he will be. Nor can a lasting peace with Chili be made until it is known who is to be the recognized head of affairs.

FRENCH CHAMBER OF DEPUTIES.

French politics have possessed a good deal of interest to the people of the United States, since the Empire became a Republic, and the doings of the French Chamber of Deputies attracts attention as showing the progress of republican principles in that country. Like other European parliamentary bodies this is separated into three distinct divisions called the Right, which is made up of men of conservative opinions, the Left composed of radicals, and the Center, the members of which are neutral, and ready to join either side as their inclinations point.

These three distinctions have always existed in the Chamber of Deputies, but the succession of changes, the coming into power of one man and then another, and the generally unsettled state of affairs consequent upon so radical a change of government from a monarchy to a republic, has caused many groups to arise, representing different shades of opinion. There are now as many as 10 which are well recognized, and as many more in process of development. Among these is the Republican Union, of which GAMBETTA is the leader, and he controls 210 of the Deputies out of the 530 of which the Chamber is composed, so that it would seem a very easy matter for him in the near future to secure a majority.

The *Gaulois* gives a table which shows the composition of the Chamber of Deputies in September, giving the names of the leaders of the different groups, the papers which support their principles, and the number of deputies belonging to each. It is quite interesting and is as follows:

Names of Parties.	No. of Delegates.	Leading Journals.
ROYALIST RIGHT. *Leaders:* Duc de la Rochefoucauld-Bizzaccia, Mgr. Freppel.	45	*L'Union, Le Clarion, L'Univers, Le Soleil, Le Monde, L'Ami du Peuple.*
INDEPENDENT RIGHT. *Leaders:* Paul de Cassagnac, Jozinais.	45	*Le Pays, Le Petit Caporal, Le Combat.*
CONSERVATIVE. *Leaders:* Baron de Mackau, Le Roux.	15	*Figaro, Le Moniteur Universel, La Constitutionel, La Patrie.*
LEFT CENTER. *Leader:* Rivet.	15	*Le Parlement.*
GREVYISTS, GREVYISTE. *Leaders:* Wilson, Ferry, Girard.	15	*La Paix, La Verite, La France, La France Populaire.*
REPUBLICANS. Belonging to no group.	50	*Temps, L'Ecenement, Le XIXme Siecle, Bien Public, Gil Blas.*
REPUBLICAN UNION. *Leaders:* Gambetta.	210	*Paris, Voltaire, Republique Francaise, Journal des Debats, Siecle.*
REPUBLICAN LEFT. *Leader:* Devos.	40	*Lappel, Lanterne.*
DEMOCRATIC UNION. *Leaders:* Lockroy, Madier de Montjau.	40	
IRRECONCILABLE LEFT. *Leaders:* Clemenceau, Louis Blanc, Clovis Hughues.	60	*L'Intransigeant, Justice, Marseillaise, Reveil, Radical, Citoyen, Mot d'Ordre.*

WISCONSIN POLITICS.

The Hon. CHARLES G. WILLIAMS of Wisconsin is well known as a man of a good deal of ability and it was with considerable surprise that the country learned of a movement in his District in his own party against him. A correspondent of the Chicago *Inter-Ocean* interviewed and intelligent gentleman of that locality to learn the cause. He said the leaders were a few men who had clung to the Republican party so long as it kept them in office, and who hold Mr. WILLIAMS responsible for their political misfortunes. They claim that they have discovered so much wickedness in their old party that they can no longer endure it, so they will console themselves by embracing rank old Bourbonism.

Taking advantage of the activity and earnestness of the Prohibitionists who were nearly all Republicans, these soreheads thought if they could induce a few Republicans to vote for a Democrat, WILLIAMS would be defeated. They made overtures to the Democrats, the result being the calling of two conventions, one named Independents, which should nominate WINANS, who would afterwards receive the nomination from the regular Democratic Convention. The probabilities are, however, that the plan will be defeated through the Temperance voters, who know Mr. WILLIAMS to be strictly temperate in habit and principle, and will not be likely to vote for a Democrat in his place. Nor will the soldier element want to vote for a man who was a member of the Peace Convention at Chicago, so that in spite of the movement against him it is still hoped that Mr. WILLIAMS will be returned to Congress.

BEECHER'S SECESSION.

HENRY WARD BEECHER has seceded—that is, he has come out before the world and boldly avowed his rejection of certain beliefs held by the church in which he has fellowship, giving his real position. Whatever may be the individual estimate of the man, there is no question but that he has great talents, which have enabled him to hold for many years the place of foremost preacher of the age. His withdrawal from the Association with which he has been so long connected was preceded by an address of two hours duration in which he gave a systematic statement of his religious belief. Such a step upon the part of one of the greatest preachers in the world renders his reasons of intense interest.

After referring briefly to the circumstances of his early life and theological education, of the dismay which he felt at the conflicting doctrines and disputes of he churchest, he said that he received and held fast to one idea, that GOD loved him, sinner as he was, and that all men were sinners and needed to be saved. This defined a practical theology. CHRIST'S love grew more real and valuable year by year. He held to be true only what worked for good. All else he rejected. He believed all theologies tended toward the same end, and he had a brotherhood with all.

A summary of his beliefs as he then proceeded to explain it in his sermon, is thus given by the New York *Herald:*

He believed, he said, in a personal, not a pantheistical God. He could not love such a being as Matthew Arnold described—power working for righteousness. The God Mr. Beecher believed in was not only personal but accessible, and had sympathy with the wants of men. He believed there were elements enough to minister to the wants of men in the divine character that were knowable, and there were also qualities which men could never learn to understand in this life. He thanked God for the unknowable. "I know God," said he, "so as to walk with Him, whisper to Him, but not to inventory His attributes. The finest attributes can never be defined or explained; they were recognized by moral intuition." Mr. Beecher believed in the trinity of persons in God. There were difficulties in this doctrine, but so there were in all others. He did not hold to all of the Nicene or Athanasian creeds, but he believed there could be three in one; it could not be demonstrated, but it was in analogy with the facts of nature. He did not attempt to divide the functions, but he believed in the divinity of Christ without any reserve, this statement elicited applause from the assemblage. Mr. Beecher proceeded with his confession of faith. Christ he believed was limited by time and space and the flesh; it was possible for God to manifest himself under limitations. Christ came through the whole round of human experience; He had been a babe; a youth and a man. Mr. Beecher could not pray to the Father: he prayed to Christ. The Father was vague, and Mr. Beecher's thought was all of Christ. He believed in the Holy Spirit as one of the Godhead, from whom a universal influence goes out to sustain and stimulate the soul in purity and holiness. It was the sunshine of God's soul shining upon the souls of men. The influence of the spirit was generic, but men made it specific.

"I hold," continued Mr. Beecher, "that Providence rules through natural laws to change the drift of circumstances as well as a direct use at times of the will of God to attain certain ends." Every intelligent man used natural laws to change the current of his life, and he believed God could do the same. Prayer, he believed, was efficient and was answered both in its reaction upon the human soul and by the direct intervention of God. Millions of prayers were not answered, while millions of others were. Mr. Beecher said he believed in miracles and that they are possible now as in the days of the Christ. He believed in the miraculous conception and resurrection of Christ, and while accepting these doctrines he believed also in evolution. They were, he held, quite compatible. Man, although imperfect and sinful, was not to be held totally depraved. Man needed to be regenerated and lifted out of animalism by being born again.

As to the inspiration of the Scriptures Mr. Beecher said he believed with few exceptions the doctrine as laid down in the Westminster Catechism. The Bible he held was the record of God's movements in the education of the race. Moral intuition he contended must be used to illuminate the Bible, and all human faculties should be brought to bear upon it. Reason was not to be substituted for the Bible, but was to be used with it. Mr. Beecher read the first chapter of the Westminster Confession in regard to the inspiration of the Scriptures and stated that in the main he accepted the theory laid down therein. In regard to the Atonement, he believed that Christ was the central power for the saving of men and was anxious to save every man who would trust Him. The theory of the Atonement as an offset to the fall of man he totally rejected. That man was created perfect and had fallen he did not believe. All history, all human experience, all analogy, tended to show that the race like the individual was born at zero and was gradually developed in the direction of higher and better things. The history of man was one of evolution. Christ had revealed eternal life, and it was not known before Him. He had said: "Love me and I will show you the way of life." The blood of Christ was a symbol and it meant more to the Jew than to us. In the final analysis it would be found that the central power in the universe was the soul of God in love; but nobody obtained any spiritual gift in this world but by suffering. It was not necessary that Christ should die for men, but He did it of His own accord through regal beneficence to lift men out of animalism. The whole theory of the Bible was shown in Christ's suffering for another. In a general way Mr. Beecher's idea of the atonement was a moral influence theory.

Conduct and character, Mr. Beecher believed, affected life here and hereafter. He did not believe that man would start alike on the other side of the grave irrespective of what their character had been in this life. With respect to future suffering Mr. Beecher did not believe it would be everlasting. All pain and suffering were remediable in their nature and object, and he believed that as soon as all benefit from suffering should cease the pain would end. He could not conceive of a Beneficent Being who would create men to damn them to eternal torture from which no good was to raise.

In conclusion Mr. Beecher assured the brethren that these views were not lightly or suddenly taken up; they were part of his life and growth. He taught substantially what he had preached 40 years ago. He did not love novelty; he did not desire to sever himself from other men, but he had the courage of his convictions. He kept back nothing in his preaching, and his one object was to glorify God by lifting up men. He had alienated many by his course. Many felt that they could not bear the responsibility of his views. "I do not want others to defend me," he said, "and therefore here and now, in the fullest love and sympathy, I lay down my membership with you. I will work with you and I do not go out into any other sect, but I take the responsibility from you and take it upon myself. With thanks for very much kindness, I am no longer a member of the Congregational Association of New York and Brooklyn, but I remain a member of the body of Christ in full fellowship with you in the love of God."

The members were astonished at the announcements of Mr. Beecher, for which they were entirely unprepared, and as soon as he had concluded and the moderator announced a recess for one hour, they crowded around him and eagerly questioned him respecting his decision.

ICELAND was said to be in a starving condition, crops having failed, and domestic animals perishing. Relief was dispatched from London, and now comes word that there is no distress, no failure of crops, and nothing out of the usual order. It is a curious contradiction.

BIBLE BIOGRAPHY.

We have mailed over 2,000 copies of this remarkable cheap book to readers of the BLADE during the past few months, and we doubt if we have enough copies left to carry us through the coming holiday demand. An elegant large $3.00 book is not often mailed postpaid for $1.25, and our new subscribers should take advantage of the present opportunity, and secure a copy before they are gone. See description of the book on 8th page of the present issue.

THE colored citizens in this country have learned the ropes and there is no longer any fear that they will not be able to take care of themselves. Down in New York they have formally notified the election committee that if they vote for Mr. FOLGER they must have some offices immediately. A colored Professor of Howard University in Washington, a remarkable orator, whom Mr. MAHONE desired to have deliver 12 orations at as many political meetings of colored citizens in Virginia, refused to do so unless he could be appointed one of the Commissioners of the District after the election, and also be paid $2 500 cash in hand. It is evident that they intend to have their share in the good things of political life hereafter.

THE New York *Tribune* thinks the real cause of the Democratic victory in Ohio is "the benumbing effect of an unpopular Administration, and of the cowardice of a Congress which forgot its duty to the people in its haste to bow down to that Administration." Thousands of Republican voters did not go to the polls. "The State of GARFIELD has refused to exert itself, in an off year, to sustain the course of the Administration which has devoted itself chiefly to undoing the work that GARFIELD began, and whose chief supporters have busied themselves mostly in slandering GARFIELD'S memory." The meaning of the defeat is that the Republicans feel that the Administration must be checked now or the party will be defeated in 1884.

THE latest ingenious trick was that of the Czar of Russia to convince his people that he was no coward. A wax figure was made, so perfect in resemblance to his Imperial Majesty that it required close examination to make certain that it was not flesh and blood. Then it was placed in an open caleche and attended by a small escort driven through the public streets. The people grew enthusiastic over this mark of courage in a sovereign they had imagined to be a coward. The trick was not discovered until after two or three appearances had been made.

PROBABLY the next incident in Mr. FRANK JAMES'S life will be a play written for him in the BUFFALO BILL style of blank verse, with Missouri Unionists and railroad conductors as killing material in place of Indians. Very effective scenes might be made of the slaughter of the women and children at Lawrence and the massacre of 32 helpless, wounded soldiers at Centralia, with the murder of a faithful cashier, now and then, as the action of the piece shows signs of lagging. With certain portions of the community such a piece ought to be very popular.

THE *Mechanical Engineer* is responsible for the following astonishing statement: A mining superintendent at the West says that by the use of the chronograph he ascertained the fact that the long pump bobs in his mine moved down at the top before they stopped coming up at the bottom—that is, they went both ways at once. This seems absurd, but it is rational, for the pump bob being 3,000 feet long and made of wood, some time elapses before motion at one end is transmitted through to the other. It would be interesting to know exactly where the neutral point is.

F. L. CHASE, Chairman of the Democratic Committee of Chicago, who is reported a defaulter, created some little sensation a few years ago by the exposure of a little scheme of his to transfer 2 500 Democratic voters to Hon. CHARLES FARWELL for $5,000. The *expose* did not hurt his standing in the party in the least, however, as he continued at the head of the Committee, until he found an opportunity to make away with $50,000. Smart man, that.

NORRISTOWN *Herald:* "We have received a copy of Sen. VANCE'S Free Trade speech, in which he endeavors to show how the laborer is robbed. The harrangue is about 10 columns long, and yet it doesn't explain why English laborers, who enjoy the blessings of Free Trade and 50 cents a day, come to America where they get $1.50 and $2 a day, and are thus robbed by Protection. VANCE should advance to the front and explain this anomaly."

FRANK JAMES expresses horror at the idea of killing a man for money. We presume that the several cashiers who fell beneath his unerring pistol were killed for taking illegal interest, or refusing punched quarters. After the men were dead, of course they had no further use for the money, and Mr. JAMES took it along to prevent expensive litigation among the heirs.

DON CAMERON labors under the delusion "that the result in Ohio will cement the Republicans in Pennsylvania closer together." Evidently the lesson has failed to make its proper impression on the mind of the Pennsylvania Boss. It is policy, and the course of the Administration that, next to Free Beer fanaticism, has brought about the result in this State. We will undoubtedly lose both New York and Pennsylvania.

ONE Capt. WEBB proposes to stay in water 100 hours just to prove that it can be done. What good this knowledge is to do the human race it is hard to see, but he has had a big tank built in Horticultural Hall, in Boston, in which he will make the experiment.

AN English physician says that according to the periods hitherto prevailing for prevalence of the cholera, it must return here and to England in 1882-83. While there is no use in getting up a scare, it is just as well to use all sanitary precautions that are possible. Prevention is far better than cure.

GENERAL BUTLER, it is announced, will not take a very conspicuous part in the Massachusetts campaign. He will speak in a few of the larger cities and give the rest of the time he can spare from his law business to organizing the Democratic majority.

WHEN the CZAR got back from his stealthy coronation at Moscow, he found a Nihilist proclamation wrapt in the napkin he unfolded on sitting down to the table. He did not find the viands set before him as appetizing as customary.

SECOND HAND TYPE FOR SALE.

The type on which we are now printing the BLADE has been in use less than six months. While it is not in proper condition to cast stereotype plates from, as is required by our new press, it is plenty good enough for small printing offices. We have on hand, in "standing matter," some 4,000 to 5,000 pounds of brevier, minion, nonpariel and agate type, which we will sell in lots of not less than 100 pounds, boxed and shipped by express, at the following very low prices: Brevier, 20 cents; minion, 24 cents; nonpariel, 28 cents; agate, 30 cents. Cash must accompany the order.

CURRENT EVENTS.

A trial has been made of a Siemens and Halske's telephone, laid under ground between Cologne and Elberfeld, with very favorable results, every word being distinct.—There was a meeting of the Directors of the Western Union Telegraph Company in New York Wednesday. The gross receipts for the ensuing year are estimated at $19,000,000 and net profits at $8,000,000.—Fifty pounds of high grade silver ore are said to have been taken from the bed of Panther Creek, in Woodford County, Illinois, and when the freshet beside the stream is to be diverted, the mining has for years been carried on in the hills 25 miles away.—The registration of voters in Utah gives 34,000 names, four out of nine being women, and three out of four Mormons.—Cablegrams from Lima announce the failure of peace negotiations between Garcia Calderon and the Chilian officials, under the mediation of Minister Logan.—The first ovations in England took place Sunday at Dorsetshire, where the remains of Lord Hanham and Mrs. Hankam were removed to ashes in accordance with the dying request.—W. M. Lowe, a member of Congress from Alabama, died Thursday at Huntsville.—Nearly 200 deaths from diphtheria have within two months occurred in Pittsyl

Correspondence.

LETTER FROM "RHODY."

Hapsamaa—Finland—Avasaxa—The Midnight Sun—The Insignificance—To Stockholm—Deck Passengers.

Correspondence of the Toledo Blade.

Hapsamaa, situated 11 miles south of the Arctic Circle, is a thriving Town of a little over a thousand inhabitants, who are mostly Finlanders. It has a good hotel (comfortable rooms and an excellent table), and as we patronized it all at the one time, my first visit that town, with my friends, was to get rid of its contents. It has a telegraph station, from which messages can be sent to any part of the world.

It has also very nice public schools, in the high school English, German and the dead languages are taught. In Sweden and Norway the children of the poor are provided with a first class education and foreign languages are taught. In many of the countries, but of this I will speak at another time. Having occasion to use the telegraph station, I found one who spoke good English.

We retired quite early, but as it was not very late when we got to bed, for the sun did not disappear below the horizon, we found it almost impossible to sleep. A. M. I almost imagined it was the hour I never see in America. We had been obliged to wear our traveling dresses of necessity, and consequently we suffered much from the heat.

FINLAND.

Hearing that the roads were better on the Finland side we decided to cross the Gulf to Torneo. Here commenced a new journey; to our surprise, although we had crossed a narrow river not a mile wide, we found who could speak Swedish and very few friends could speak a word of Finnish, our hearts sank a little.

Things are also entirely different, the kind of food and prices are fixed by law and there is no trouble regarding that. We found a good carriage (in almost unheard of thing except those owned by Government officials) and how to make them understand what we wanted was now our only difficulty. After much thought and trouble we succeeded in making them understand what we desired, a combination of two horses, but two horses harnessed together could not be found. We had, however, to make the best of it. After experiencing many difficulties, we at last took our seats in the carriage. Then there was fun. The horses seemed to have different minds in their heads, knowing that we were going in an opposite direction. Instead of turning that we were going, they turned several times. Then the driver did not know how to harness the horses, so that we were obliged to assist him.

AVASAXA.

We were about an hour in getting to the summit of Avasaxa. The heat was intolerable, as it was a glorious night and I remembered the view of the river winding around the base of the hill, and small islands covered with verdure, now and then glimpses of the landscape through the broken forest, the reindeer feeding here and there, each and all give a charming effect to the scenery. There were between 200 and 300 people on the summit, but I discovered no Americans.

THE MIDNIGHT SUN.

At 11 the sun was clear and bright, the hour of midnight was exceedingly beautiful, the sun had reached its lowest point, appearing to be three or four yards above the horizon and for some time it seemed to follow along the same line; it was a deep red color, tinging everything with a rosy hue, the flowers and grass upon which the dew had fallen looked like crystal or precious stone, then it became more dazzling and had the appearance of an immense ball of fire. We could look at it with the naked eye without any trouble, then gradually the light became more brilliant and in a very few minutes it was impossible to look at it without the aid of a glass. After resting our eyes upon this scene we slowly wended our way down to the hotel (the hill, we found for the first time, was steep), and then to bed.

At 2 P. M. we arrived at a small village, where they are accustomed to strangers, as there are always travelers, for in Sweden and Norway at certain distances are stations for travelers or to furnish horses. At each of these places the travelers record their names, their last resting place, their destination and the number of horses they think advisable they can go with safety upon the next journey. This is called putting your name in the register. Here we found a paper, consisting of reindeer and salmon, white bread and cheese. Having refreshed ourselves we started on our journey. The trip was very interesting, as it was so different from any I had ever before seen.

However, there was a change. We found it was not what appeared a cloud of dust. They were the mosquitoes with which country is infested during June, July and August. They appeared in immense numbers, and were of so enormous a size it was impossible to see anything before us. We had, however, been told of them and were prepared for ourselves and our various bags, and we lost no time in drawing them over our heads and faces

The Household.

CORRESPONDENTS writing for this department will please observe the following rules:

1. Write "Household Department" on the envelope.

2. Give real name and Postoffice address—not for publication, unless you wish—but for reference in case it is necessary to address you by mail.

3. Write only on one side of the paper; write plainly as possible, and do not interline.

4. Be as brief as the nature of the subject will allow.

Rome Talks.

The question often comes to us from women all over the land, "What is there that we can do to earn a little money? We are not able to go into business, because we have not time and strength outside of our home duties, but it does seem as if there might be *something* that would bring us in a little change and yet not overtax us, or compel us to neglect our families."

It is to answer this cry and to serve the purpose of a sort of mutual aid society that the forming of Women's Exchanges in Towns and Villages are becoming so common. A little enterprise, foresight and a desire to do good will start one of these institutions in any center of population, and it will accomplish much for women in the line of furnishing work which can be done in no other way.

The one which we lately visited was organized and operated as follows: A number of ladies who had some means and leisure came together, discussed the matter and organized into a society. Committees were appointed to canvass the place for membership, the tickets for which were placed at $3 a year. This was to obtain means for starting. A room easy of access was then secured, fitted up plainly and placed in charge of a competent woman, who, for a small sum, was willing to give her services.

Then it was made known that women could bring there specimens of their work, which would be examined by a Committee appointed for the purpose, and if it was good of its kind it would be put upon sale, and not only disposed of but orders taken for more of the same sort. Of the proceeds 10 per cent. was to go to the Exchange to keep up the expenses. The names of those who brought articles need not be known to anyone but the Committee, so that people whose pride stood in the way of publicly seeking employment could here find a market for the occupation of their leisure hours, and others who could not work away from home could turn many an honest penny at odd times which would help them greatly.

The list of articles placed on sale include all kinds of womens' work. Fresh bread, canned fruit, pickles, ketchups, bed quilts, stockings, all sorts of fancy work, painting, in fact, anything and everything that women can do. The prices asked were good-paying ones, and yet moderate, and as all that was offered was excellent of its kind, people were fast learning to go there to purchase. The bread, for instance, could be bought at the same prices as at the bakers', and yet had the advantage of being home-made.

The Exchange we speak of had not yet been established a year, and tho' not quite self sustaining was rapidly becoming so. And it was doing a great deal of good, for it was putting into the hands of women a way of earning money, which was needed, but yet for lack of a market for their products they could not otherwise obtain.

An Exchange of this kind could be successfully established in every City, Town and Village in the country, and thus answer the question with which we started. There are women in every place who have leisure to enter into this work of organization, and surplus energy enough to make it a success, and the good it would do can hardly be estimated. Of course we have only just hinted at what may be done, but we hope to hear in the near future that some of our HOUSEHOLD have taken hold of the matter in their respective homes and are pushing it through to successful completion. We shall be glad to hear from any one who is familiar with the workings of these exchanges and can give some practical information regarding their operations and what they are accomplishing.—ED.

Fancy Work and House Decorations

Banner Screens.—These are very pretty articles to place upon the table to screen the light from the eyes. Take a piece of satin about eight inches long and six wide, and paint upon it a little branch of apple blossoms or some daisies. A dark green ground is pretty. Then put on a narrow border of crimson plush upon the top and bottom, finish the bottom with fringe and have it mounted upon one of the pretty standards that can be purchased at almost any of the fancy stores. If the satin cannot be painted, embroidery will look well, but in that case it will need to be lined. In fact it would be very pretty if made of some rich colored satin with border of plush without either painting or embroidery. They are dainty little ornaments and withal very useful.

Shopping Bag.—An exchange gives the following description of a shopping bag: The bottom of the bag was of drab Alta canvass, it was not exactly square, but an inch or two longer than it was wide. There was no seam at the bottom, but on the sides where it was joined, a narrow pleating of scarlet satin was inserted. The top of the bag was of scarlet satin also, and it was drawn together with satin ribbon of the same color. A stem of scarlet flowers was embroidered on one side of the canvas. Another bag was made of the linen cord of which macreme lace is made. It was crocheted in an open work pattern, stiffened with white glue; lined with blue silk, and left open at the top and not drawn together, but had crocheted handles. This is handsome to hang on the wall or to carry in the hand.—ED.

NORMANDY INSERTION, (39 stitches)—1st row—K 3—o, n, k 4—n, o, k 3—o, n, k 1—o, s, k 1—o, n, k 1—n, o, k 3—o, n, k 6—o, n, k 1 2d row—K 3—o, n k 3—n, o, k 5—o, n, k 1—o, s l 1, n, t—o, k 1—n, o, k 5—o, n, k 5—o, n, k 1 3d row—K 3—o, n, k 2—n, o, k 1,—n, o, k 1—o, n, k 3—o, n, k 3—o, n, k 4—o, n, k 1 4th row—K 3—o, n, k 1, n, o, k 1—n, o, k 3—o, n, k 1—o, n, k 1, n, o, k 1—n, o, k 3—o, n, k 1—o, n, k 3—o, n, k 1 5th row—K 3—o, n, n, o, k 1—n, o, k 5—o, s, k 1—o, s l 1 n 1—o, k 1—n, o, k 5—o, n, k 1—, n k 1—o, n, k 1 6th row—K 3—o, n, k 1—o, k 1—n, o, n, k 4—o, n, n, o k 1—o k 1—, o n k 4—o, n, o, k 3—o, n, k 1 7th, k 3—o, n k 2—o, n, k 1—o, n, k 1—n, o, k 1—o, o k 3—o, s, k 1—o, n, k 1—n, o, k 5—o, n, k 1—o, n, k 1—o, n, k 3—o, n, k 3—o, n, k 1—o, s l 1, n, t—o, k 1—n, o, k 5—o, n, k 1; 9 h, k 3—o, n, k 4—o, n, k 3—n, o, k 1—n, o, k 1—o, n, k 1—un k 3—n, o, k 6—o, n, k 1; 10th, k 3—o, n, k 5—o, n, k 1—r, o, k 1—n, o, k 3—o, n, k 1—o, n, k 1—n. o, k 7—o, n, k 1; 11th, k 3—o, n, k 6—o, s l 1, n, t—o, k 1, n—o, k 5—o, n, k 1—o, s l 1, n, t—o, k 1—o, n, k 1; 12th, k 3—o, n, k 5—n, o, k 1—o, n, k 1—o, n, k 4—o, n—o, n, o, k 1—o, n, k 7—o, n, k 1.—MRS. R. H. BAIRD.

The explanations given with last week's pattern apply to the above also. The following letter accompanied them.—ED.

In a rash moment I replied to "Baby Mine's" request for lace patterns, saying if she would favor me with her address I would send her two Normandy patterns, and I have done so. But that is not the end of it. Lo! the letters that have come, and are still coming from nearly every State in the Union, their writers all desiring the same! How could the ladies have so misconstrued my offer, which was made to one only, or, as "Baby Mine" a duplicate in every town in this blessed country? I should dearly like to oblige them all. I know what it is to have lace on the brain, and to feel that a certain pattern is of all things she one most to be desired; but I cannot stretch my goodness to the point of copying lace patterns every day for a month. I have been informed that editors and compositors have an antipathy to them, but I hope you will be kind enough to publish these and relieve a perplexed woman, who was not aware that your subscribers were more numerous than the ears of corn in Kansas and that the most of the ladies knit lace. If the patterns are "set up" just as they are written, (with the dashes) they will be less confused for the eyes to follow, and the knitter will not be as liable to make mistakes.

The New York Tribune Publishing Company have issued three books of knitting and crochet patterns, all illustrated. Number 59 and 76 are 10 cents each, and numbers 62 and 75 are 20 cents each, and all contain handsome patterns with plain directions.

If the ladies who enclosed postage stamps in their letters will call around some pleasant day I will return their stamps, and also entertain them with true Western hospitality to the extent of my ability.—MRS. R. H BAIRD, Burlingame, Kas.

Correspondence.

PLAIN COOKING.—"Bluebell" and "Rip Van Winkle," those are my sentiments, too. I am a country schoolmarm, and expect to be an old maid, not because there are not good men in the world, and that I could get, but I prefer my single life. I'd rather be called a flirt than an unhappy wife. Old bachelors are charming as beaux, and I don't wonder they prefer their solitary dens and fishing lines to hoods-skirts and unpaid bills. Here's honor to them!

May I say a word about plain cooking, which seems to be in danger of being set aside as a lost art? Unless the girls take a different turn and learn to make something beside Angel Cake, Charlotte Russe, Croquettes and creams, the male population, as well as the feminine schoolmarms, stand a good chance of becoming chronic, dyspeptic grumblers—like some of the HOUSEHOLD correspondent you know. Having, in pursuing my vocation, been in the homes of many young and old married people, I can say that the woman who has learned to be a good, thorough, practical cook has the key to her husband's heart.

Nobody with cultivated taste aspires to be cook in a hotel or boarding-house, but getting a meal for two or more in one's own home is a far different matter, and burnt fingers and red faces are frequently good heart-warmers. By plain cooking I do not mean of the Miss Corson, where soup for six is made from a bacon rind, ten beans, a pinch of pepper and a gallon of water.

Nothing sets my tongue and temper so on edge as to come home after a hot, dreary day in the school-room (which was preceded by a breakfast composed of muddy coffee, rare steak, the biscuits full of soda, dinner after the same type, only cold) to find tea, cake and those airy nothings which the feminine heart seems to think they must have for company.

Sisters, don't make company of the teacher, let her feel that she is at home, and not making you a world of trouble by her ill timed visit, or week of "boarding round."

"Real Old Maid," what is your opinion and advice on the matrimonial question to a girl of 20, who has to depend wholly on her own exertions for a livelihood?

"Elmer," don't let those "happy married women" draw you away. "Hypatia," truly your case is a pitiable one. Take advice from one whose heart has never been pierced by Cupid's arrows. Trust no man with thy heart. Keep it safe.

To tiny own heart in grief
Turn only for relief.

—LOU NETTLETON.

PUZZLED.—

"Of all sad thoughts
Of a heart-bereft,
The saddest are—
You bet I'm left."

Brothers and sisters of the HOUSEHOLD, I have never before entered your cozy apartment, but my sympathy for "Good Templar" would let me stay away no longer, so you must bear with what little I have to say.

"Good Templar," I wish I was able to give the advice you ask for, but I cannot. I have been puzzling my poor, weak brains over the same problem for one year now, and am no nearer the solution than I was at the beginning. Will you please send me your address, through the BLADE, as I would like to correspond directly with you.

"Clayton," I know not what to say in regard to your letter. If it was written merely to call forth a discussion, it deserves no notice whatever. If written for any other purpose, it surely needs the severest criticism of all good minded readers of the HOUSEHOLD. For my part, I consider it an open insult to mankind—unless we consider the source."—MANFRED.

"EDUCATION."—Much has been said of late in the HOUSEHOLD about teaching, compulsory education, etc. But I think there would be less cause to talk about compulsory education if the things necessary to educate the children with were furnished. It is true that only a few persons born in this country can neither read nor write, but even those few are a few too many. Why not furnish all the books to the school as well as furnish the chalk and fire? It is as reasonable to compel the child to furnish one as the other. I have known several children that have been kept at home from school most of the time because their parents were too poor to buy the books. Now I ask you if our public school system is free? The answer is No! because what use is the school house and teacher without books? The school is free only to the rich, for to the children that have been kept at home for want of books the school is no use to them whatever. But had the books been furnished then they might have grown up to be modern Franklins, Websters, etc., while now many of them are a curse to this country, not because they are not educated but because they do not know how to appreciate their liberty and rights. Then furnish the books and everything else for the school and you will have no need to talk of compelling parents to send their children to school, for they will send them without being compelled. I think all the people want on this subject is to wake them up to it, as there is no tax as cheerfully paid as the school tax, so can we not expect the help of the BLADE?

One more word before I conclude and that is to say to parents do not bring up your children so that their will be an impassable wall between the duties of the boys and girls. The girls are naturally as strong and as able to work as the boys, for look at foreign countries. In some of them the women are as much stronger than the men as the men of this land are than the women. Look at the man that has not been brought up to work. If he goes out in the field to labor hard all day the work will have the same effect on him as on the "lady daughter" that had never done anything but pound the piano. It will not hurt the girls to know how to milk the cows, husk corn and chop wood, or the boys to be able to cook the dinner and make the bed. Then if they never have to well and good.—FREE EDUCATIONALIST.

HELPS AND HINTS.—When one has a bad cold and the nose is closed up so that he cannot breathe through it, relief may be found instantly by putting a little camphor and water in the center of the hand and snuffing it up the nose. It is a great relief.

Flat-irons that are rusty are cleaned very readily by rubbing them over old sand paper, such as furniture dealers have used and thrown away. It is far better than to use beeswax, and more effectual.

Don't throw away chicken feathers when you pick a fowl. Save them, dry them carefully and make into little pillows and cushions. They are good to put about cold feet in the foot of the bed in Winter time, and good for a down nest, especially where there are sick folks and old people.

A cousin visiting us makes a very nice cake which we all like: 1 cupful of sweet milk, ½ cupful of butter, 2 cupfuls of sugar, whites of 4 eggs, and three cups of flour into which has been sifted a heaping teaspoonful of the Horsford baking powder; flavor to suit the taste. Bake in layers. For the filling take the whites of 2 eggs, juice of 1 large melon, 3 tablespoonfuls of sugar, 1 heaping teaspoonful of milk in which has been dissolved a tablespoonful of corn starch. Put all together and let cook till thick. When all is cold, spread and put together.

This is called Lemon Layer Cake, and is delicious. Use the yolks that are left over in making cookies with sour cream and flour prepared as above. 1 cupful of sugar and 1 cupful of cream, and coriander seed for flavoring. Or, if you have no cream, take 1 cupful of sweet milk and ½ cupful of butter and 1 cupful of sugar, with flour sufficient. It is a good plan to note down just how you make your cake each time, by this means you may improve, and invent better ways.

Our cousin made some tomato preserves. They are very nice and look so pretty, too. Scald and peel very carefully small tomatos, not very ripe ones; prick with a needle to prevent bursting, add the same weight of sugar and let them lie all night; then pour off all the juice into a porcelain kettle and boil until the syrup is thick, purifying it with white of egg; then put syrup and tomatos together and boil until they are transparent. Flavor with ginger root, lemon, stick cinnamon, or citron. Very nice.—WELL DONE, Clover Lane.

OF THE SAME OPINION STILL.—"The deplorable condition of humanity which "Mrs. Smith" so eloquently portrayed, is one in which the highest ambition is centered in a dram." I still maintain for such society is responsible. The disseminators of religion, morals and rival law have moulded the character of the people in their respective times. "B." will not deny that the Bible has its influence in this particular direction, and whether or not, "there is no truth in the assertion that poverty necessarily drives people to drunkenness and depravity," under these circumstances the Bible recommends a good drink. Society has failed to give the lie back to the inspired writer, and in the new version it stands the same.

What is the civil-law doing? The civil law encourages the manufacture of it, and protects the manufacturers by granting them licenses. Then the retailers are protected in the sale of it. Is society not here at fault? For every hell-hole grog shop in the land society is responsible. For all the drunkards, for all the widows and orphans, whose husbands and fathers fill a druukard's grave, society is responsible. For all the care-worn fleshless mothers and little ones, society is responsible.

It must be borne in mind that man is not naturally depraved. He most acquire these ruinous habits. Society has made it possible for man to be a drunkard. When irretrievably lost, society condemns him to a felon's cell, or, perhaps the gibbet. Then religion steps in and eternally damns him.

Is it possible that the withered hand of want is found now here but with the drunkard? Is it possible that no one goes down to the dogs of poverty but those steeped in rum?

I will put a case alongside of the unfortunate drunkard in "B's" community. This man of whom I speak never used tobacco, has not drank alcoholic liquids in 20 years. A hard worker and economiser, he entered into a contract with the U. P. R. R Co for 160 acres of land in Nebraska. He went to work with his sleeves rolled up, brought to bear all his physical and mental forces, all his energy, pluck and nerve, that he might one day have an unencumbered home. But the foreclosure day came, and 10 years unremitting toil went into the pockets of those wh sit in masterly idleness and revel upon the sweat and blood of the people.

"The Communistic Idea" is too contemptable a thrust to take notice of. If "B" has been fortunate in getting a good home and giving his family a good education he deserves credit. His class (farmers) are not among the masterly idlers, and I fail to see the point in his trying to prove them so. As I have already said, is the withered hand of want found no where but with the drunkard? Is there no illiteracy, want and deprivation but where "the highest ambition is centered in a drink?" "Twenty per cent. of the operatives employed in the New England factories are children from the age of 7 to 13 years" (Henry George's "Progress and Poverty.") Of what benefit is the public schools to these children who are worked 11 hours and 10 minutes each day. If the philanthropist and humanitarian recalls the terrible cruelty of child labor in the New England factories, he is pronounced a raving Greenbacker. If the starvation wages, the savage treatment and deadly poisonous homes of the operatives, are mentioned, it is a parading of Greenback doctrine, and he who rebukes the lily-fingered, factory owning gentry, child murderers and robbers of the poor, are branded communists.

"B" says the number of illiterate Americans is almost nothing. The illiterate foreigners have discovered the cause of this illiteracy, want and deprivation. They are laying the ax to the root of the evil, and leading the educated Americans in the solution of a great social problem that will some day, ere long, bring the Americans to the liveller monopolization of the land. The foreign land thieves who find their occupation in the old world gone, come here in hopes that they may retrieve their lost fortunes. They have impoverished Europe, now they come to impoverish America.

Here are a few grabs made by them:

Danish Vice Council at Milwaukee has just grabbed 850,000 acres in Minnesota.

The Milwaukee & St. Paul Railroad Co. have sold an English syndicate represented by Close Bros., 110,000 acres in the pipe-stone district.

The Duke of Manchester land ring have got possession of 5,000,000 acres of land in Northwest Canada.

I could go on and cite a hundred such cases, and still they come. I think woman suffrage would bring about some reform that would alleviate the distress of millions of the toilers of this country. I advocate her right to all the privileges that men have. Give her the use of the ballot.—ALEX MCDANIEL, Carbon, Wyo.

DYSPEPSIA.—In the BLADE of Sept. 21, W H Kister calls in earnest for relief for relief from this dreadful disease, all think our editor wisely disapproves of prescribing do es for strangers. But as I propose no such thing, I hope that what I have to say will be published for the benefit of W. S. K and other dyspeptics.

I have carefully read all that the HOUSEHOLD have said within the last seven months about dyspepsia, and I think that not one of you knows anything about a bad case of it. When your stomach seems like a nettle fish with its tentacles grasping your whole physical being; when eating a Graham crust not larger than your toumb, made as fine as teeth can make it, gives you great distress; when no pulverized stomachs or gizzards, or powders or August Flower do any good; when local physicians cannot give you one bit of relief; when your flesh and strength are failing and death fairly stares you in the face, then you may believe there are symptoms of dyspepsia.

Such was my condition two years ago. I had dyspepsia several years before but could always manage it till then. I was working hard and nearly every day ate just a little too much, an' after awhile the many littles took effect and the stomach could not work. It seemed certain that I must die, but will and work and prudent living saved me. I could not eat so much as a thimbleful of anything that would not cause pain. But as the stomach gained strength by resting it could be filled more and very slowly my little meals were a trifle larger. I read Dr. Jayne, Dr. Gunn and Dr. Fitch, of New York, and tried Golden Seal and other of their remedies, but in vain. "Health by Good Living" (prudent living) a little book by Dr. Hall, editor of the *Journal of Health*, etc., gave me much valuable information. Dr. Hall says the only hope for a bad case of dyspepsia is to eat so little at a time, that the stomach will feel no inconvenience and then exercise, work in the open air. In case of storm take an umbrella and go through exercise is the idea. If one cannot work, then ride till weary, in a wagon or on horseback is best. Next to the gastric juice produced by chewing, a little good vinegar is the best thing known to science, to aid digestion. And mental labor (as well as physical) aids digestion so says Dr. Hall and so says my experience. I think any sensible M. D, will admit that whatever may be the cause of dyspepsia, it is inability to work, a weakness, a lack of strength that may be regained by rest. And this can only be done by very light eating. If stimulants are used, care should be taken not to exhaust both the power of the stomach and the stimulant by too much food. As stimulants are only "borrowed strength," it is best to eat only as much as the natural strength of the stomach will digest. Food should be such as best agreed with the case. What best agreed with me was a bit of graham bread, toasted so hard as to require a great deal of chewing to make it fine, with a little butter on it, and a little of strong vinegar pickle, a little hand baked ginger cookie, and new milk or weak tea.

I ate so little that I could hardly live, but more could not be digested, and would only cause greater pain and make me worse. Dr. Hall says food that cannot be digested rots and becomes a poison to the system.

I starved and worked through the day, and rode on horseback for awhile in the evening, or studied and wrote in reply to Ingersoll and Chaney till 10, 11 or 12 at night. If my supper had been eaten full five hours before, and I felt faint for want of food, I ate again before going to bed, and felt stronger and better in the morning for so doing. I know this is contrary to the opinion of the writers and to practicing physicians in regard to this matter. One writer says that the stomach does not work after sundown til sunrise next day; but I know better.

I followed my course a long time before being sensible of any improvement. But a slow and certain victory was mine. Once more I got control of the monster, and I intend to keep it. It seems hard sometimes to govern the craving appetite, but it must be done or suffer death from dyspepsia. I often see people who will eat what they know their dyspeptic stomachs cannot digest. If people only would be wise about their eating, and regard the laws of health, I do not believe they would ever have dyspepsia.—L. S. PARKER, Pittaford, Hillsdale Co., Mich.

ADVICE TO GOOD TEMPLAR.—I have been an interested listener to the various topics and discussions of the HOUSEHOLD, and it is especially amusing to see so many of our able bodied young men come here to get helped out of their love affairs. I always supposed they were able to take care of themselves, but I see they are not.

"Good Templar" seems to be particularly in need of consolation, and I will try to console him as much as I think he is worthy.

He comes to know what to do because a certain girl told him she could never marry him.

Well, if I were he I should take the girl's word for it, instead of going to the HOUSEHOLD for advice. She probably had good reasons for answering him thus, and it isn't likely she will change her mind just because the HOUSEHOLD advises him to try again.

As for your marrying another girl, if you know you can't love her I'd advise you, by all means not to do it, for you would certainly wrong her by so doing. But I never saw many young men who could not forget their troubles and heart-aches the first time they met a pretty girl.

Now, "Good Templar," come again, and let us know how you settle your troubles.—CRITIC.

MISCELLANEOUS.—Some time ago I wrote to THE HOUSEHOLD, asking for a preventative for loud studying in school. One reply was given in the BLADE, but it came just too late. I had but two more weeks of school to teach, but had I had as many months I think I would not have tried that plan. It was to give prizes to those pupils who would obey me by studying with closed lips. Now I object to giving prizes in school at all. I think it causes jealousy, strife, and hard feelings generally. I would like to have the opinions of some others on this subject.

I think after all this discussion about whom to marry, every one should be able to select a suitable mate, but I believe nearly every one will do as they please any way.

Girls, when you are lonesome and have nothing to do, just write a letter to THE HOUSEHOLD, giving your name, age (if you are young) and address, and you will have nothing to do the next month but read letters. I have tried it and speak from experience.

Has any one of THE HOUSEHOLD tried Gaskel's Compendium, we see advertised so much? If so, please report results for the benefit of poor writers.—INEXPERIENCE, Eskridge, Kan.

A BREAD DIFFICULTY.—Will Mrs. Wallbauser, who sent directions for "Horn of Plenty Tidy," a few weeks ago, be so kind as to complete them by telling how to fill the space between the wheels, and much oblige one who can make the wheels, but fails to join them satisfactorily? I wish very much an insertion to knit in shoe-thread and alternate with strips of satin ribbon. Can any one give me directions? Would prefer one in which every other row is knit plain. I can send a handsome edging, suitable for flannel skirt, if desired, in return.

I started to write to the HOUSEHOLD because I was in trouble and wanted help, but am quite a long time in telling about it. I am pantry is almost a full barrel of flour, bought for best Hazall. I have made bread from it twice I mix my dough at night, knead some and put in a rising place till morning; then, when light, mould into loaves, raise and bake. I have kept house for 15 years, and never had such an experience as I am having now. My dough rises light, is perfectly sweet, the oven is just right, but when the loaves are cut, you nor I ever saw such tough bread in all our lives. It is almost impossible to cut through with a sharp knife.

Now, what is the matter? Am I at fault? I do the same as I always did in mixing. As I live in the city, my bread is mixed with water, but I have made good bread with that. I am discheartened. (Does any housekeeper know what that means?) After getting into a loaf it is white (no soda) and has a sweet taste, but the Doctor says he wouldn't advise a person with false teeth to attempt chewing it, it would be certain breakage of property. There's no end of fun about it with the other members of the family, but what shall I do? Is there any help for me? Please come to my rescue, housekeepers.

The boys are full of their jokes about mother's sole-leather. The suggestion is made that it be used for monumental slabs, only there could be no inscription, on account of the hardness of material. A brilliant idea came to one of them last evening, that is that it be chopped into stuffing for the Thanksgiving turkey, only as it would have to be done with an axe, it was not exactly a feasible plan. One boy says some one ought to get up early in the morning and saw it in slices. There are only a few of the ideas. As long as it is fun, it is not so bad, but really and truly I am disheartened at my bread. Come to the rescue, and if it cannot be remedied tell me what is the matter. Is it because it is new bread? I have an idea it may be that.—FANNY, of Massachusetts.

"LAURA" ANSWERED.—In the issue of September 7 "What Ought I to Do?" so stirred my sympathies that I feel inclined to give testimony in a case involving the earthly happiness of "Laura." I would say to the writer, consider well before you consent to be united to one who is inclined to tamper with the intoxicating glass. I see but one outlook for you to take with any degree of safety—that is to have this friend of yours take the pledge, and watch to know if he lives up to its principles. Do not let him hurry you to take a step for life until he has given you sure satisfaction that he has quit once and forever the poisonous bowl. Moderate drinking is the first step to a drunkard's grave, and no woman is safe married to such a man. If you cannot now influence him to such a step you will certainly be unable to do it after marriage, and then, heaven help you to bear the sorrows of a drunkard's wife, if such you shall become, for earthly consideration will be powerless to do it. The drunkard's wife suffers untold miseries. I would never, never marry a man who had once been addicted to drink, unless I was sure he had given up, not for my sake, but for his own sake. That will build, but no human love, beware! It may be strong as death, but I would not risk it in a contest with rum.—BELLA.

MOCKING BIRDS.—"Mrs. M. P. Russell," inquires about mocking birds. I will tell her all I know. For the first six weeks I use the yolk of a hard-boiled egg and boiled potato mashed together into a paste, little pills of which I feed them every two or three hours in the day, giving them a drop or two of water every time I feed them. Sometimes I give them a little fresh beef and some nice mellow apple. After the first six weeks I mix cornmeal with water into dough, as for young chickens, changing very often, as it soon sours. I keep them on eggs, potato and cornmeal until after moulting, giving them plenty of fresh water to drink and to bathe in. I keep the bottom of the cage thinly sanded, changing it every day or two, putting a handful of gravel on top each time.

After moulting I keep one dish full of dry cornmeal, the other with fresh water. I give them apples, cabbage, lettuce, potato, green wheat, grasshoppers, flies and ones in a while a spider. Be sure to keep the cornmeal and water always by them. Do not give them any salt in anything. It is sure death to them. Put a little cayenne pepper in their food every other day. Guard against cold. Cover up in a most white smelt; hang in the sunshine an hour or two each day.

Mocking birds are a great deal of trouble and require constant oversight for several weeks, but they will repay it all by their beautiful songs if you will persevere until they are old enough to sing. Avoid all drafts by hanging in a warm room and closing the window at night when larger.—BRIDAL ROSE.

EGYPT.—"Mountain Lilly," from her own mouth, is rather an enigma. She is not happy, neither is she miserable. She is married but would not advise any girl to marry. I am afraid the "Lilly" did not study the disposition of her husband very well ere she became his wife, or else he changed or she did afterwards. Too many people expect to have the same whims and fancies after marriage as before when such is an utter impossibility. Both husband and wife are compelled to yield each to the other at times, and if they are sensible and adopt this plan of "bear and forbear" at the commencement of their married life, it will lead to good results and live ones. But for yielding on either side will gradually diminish as they grow used to each other's ideas. In the course of a few years they will become as one person and find it an easy matter to agree on nearly all matters especially those of every day occurrence which they have to meet the most often, and so their every day life is one common pleasure ground, with very few frowns and cross words to offend.

Many people marry so young that their nature changes so much that the partners chosen in youth are not the ones wanted in mature years, and hence all is vanity and vexation of spirit. Let "Lilly" try as hard to win her husband's love back again as she probably did to win it in the first place, and I imagine she will be happier.

"Old Dominion" is evidently a lover of good things internally and enjoys the good things his wife provides or rather prepares for his stomach's sake. Well I for one agree with him, and think no woman is fit to marry unless she can cook a good meal. I should be ashamed to say so if I was a young lady of marriageable age that I could not cook anything cookable. It is perfectly ridiculous, just as much so as for a man to say he cant provide the eatables. One is just as fit to marry as the other. Another silly thing that causes a great deal of discomfort and which in my opinion could in a great measure be avoided is the way so many people have of not being able to eat only a few of the thousand and one eatables in the world, and those few cooked only a certain way. For my part I can eat and like everything I have ever heard of that is civilized and cooked in any way, and can't help but believe that people often (uselessly) cause vexation both at home and abroad by their whimsical (to me) notions. I had a brother once and have him yet but the change in him is so marvelous that he hardly seems the same boy, who, during my mother's lifetime, had only a very few different articles of food prepared in a certain way, and couldn't possibly eat anything else; but after her her death and a boarding house life for two years, and lo! he could and does eat and enjoy a part of every thing put before him, and it is not half so hard to cook for him now as it was then or before mother's death.

I want to say a word to "Violet," but can't this time, only that I endorse every word she says, but still I think in case a husband should be disabled by accident or sickness that it would be very nice if the wife could by some means keep the wolf from the door; but of course this is the exception and not the rule. Let's keep the pot boiling.—SUBSCRIBER.

Answers to Inquiries.

To the lady who wanted motto for a wall splasher: "Wash and be clean."—MARY CLAY.

To "Cora A. H:" A good way to make hash is to chop up boiled beef or ham real fine and mix with potatos, and add a few onions if suited to the taste.—IDA MAY.

Will the editor of the HOUSEHOLD, or some of its members, please give me a little information in regard to seating a large company at the dinner table? Should the host and hostess sit opposite, or the lady at his side? If the table is placed East and West, or North and South, which would be considered the head of the table? Should preachers have any particular place at the table? If more than enough for one table, and more than one preacher, should they both be seated at the first table? If so, where would be their places?—INTERESTED READER.

The host and hostess should be seated opposite each other, and if there are enough waiters, the length of the table should be between them whether it stands North and South or East and West. When dinner is announced the host offers his right arm to the lady whose age, rank or position of principal guest gives her precedence, and leads the way to the dining room. The hostess invites the most distinguished gentleman, or the one she most desires to honor, to escort her. She gives him a place upon her right and the rest are so disposed if possible as to bring a gentleman and lady alternate on each side of the table.

Ministers are usually made honored guests. If two were present it would be proper to place them both at the first table and the elder at the right of the hostess. The other may be placed at her left, or nearer the center of the table if preferred.—ED.

We frequently have letters asking us to publish in the HOUSEHOLD the name of some firm where different articles can be purchased. This we cannot do, much as we would like to oblige our readers, as it is simply a free advertisement of such firms, and it is therefore lost time, paper and postage to make such requests.—ED.

Inquiries.

As editors are expected to know everything, would like to ask a few questions in regard to silk worms. What do they require, where can they be had, and how do they sell?—B. ECCLESAN, Cardville, Washington Co., Pa.

We have already published considerable in regard to silk worm raising, and in the BLADE of a few weeks ago was the review of a book by Miss Nellie Rossiter, of Philadelphia, which gives all needed information. Next week we shall give a communication from one of our correspondents upon the subject.—ED.

Please give a recipe for a home-mad paste for a scrap book.—LLOYD J. CALD WELL.

A most excellent recipe is that given by Old Dr. Carlin in his "Recipe Book: Two parts of gum tragacanth and 1 part of gum arabic; cover with cold water until dissolved, then reduce to desired consistence with the same. A few drops of carbolic acid will prevent souring.—ED.

Will some one give some recipe to keep the hands from wearing and cracking in husking corn? I do not like to wear gloves, if I could keep my hands from getting sore without it. Please send remedy soon, for Husking will soon commence.—CORN HUSKER.

Will some of the BLADE readers inform me by mail what time white pine and yellow poplar ripen their seeds? I will refund postage and do as much for them.—MARION DRAKE, Nevada, Vernon Co., Mo.

Does any one know what is good for a weak back? If so, please tell me.—ANNA GORRINGER.

Will "Mayflower" please tell me how to apply sulphur soap to remove freckles?—ROSE BUD.

Will some kird reader of the HOUSEHOLD Department please send a recipe for making hop yeast that will keep during the Winter season?—MRS JENNIE DEHART, Griswold, Cass Co., Ia.

Will some of the readers of the HOUSEHOLD tell me what will remove ink-stain (black) from cotton cloth?

In September 14 will "Pearl" please explain what slip means in the pattern for the oak leaf lace?—WEEPING WILLOW, Barnesville, Kan.

If any one wants a recipe for watermelon cake I will send it. Will some one give a recipe for Angel's food? If any one wishes to know how to make feather edge lace and rick rack and will give their address in the BLADE, I will send samples and directions.—BEATRICE.

Will some of the sisters of THE HOUSEHOLD correspond with a lady who desires going West, and wishes to secure a place where she can get employment enough at least to pay her board? Can a woman get employment in California?—MARY CLAY.

Recipes.

Grape Pie.—Line a pie pan with paste in the usual manner then dredge the bottom with flour. Put small pieces of butter around promiscuously, then 1½ cups sugar and 2 tablespoonfuls of water. Fill up with green grapes and cover, having the cover well perforated. Bake as you would green apple. Do not use any seasoning as it spoils the flavor. Try it and report.—MEHETABEL.

Doughnuts Without Eggs.—One cup sugar, 2 cups fresh buttermilk, butter the size of an egg, ½ teaspoonful soda. Seasoning to suit the taste. Flour to mix and roll nicely. Fry in boiling lard. If you will follow these directions they will be very nice.

YEAST.—Take one handful of hops, boil in a little water (say about one quart.) When it has boiled about 10 or 15 minutes, pour on a teacupful of flour, stir in two finely boiled mashed potatos. When it is cold stir in a cup of yeast and let it raise well, then stir in corn meal until it will roll. Cut in squares and let it dry.

TO TAKE THE SMELL OUT OF PILLOWS.—Hang out on the clothes line to air.—ALICE M. ELLIOTT, New Hartford, Butler County, Iowa.

CAULIFLOWER PICKLE.—Separate the head into pieces of convenient size for table use. Scald until tender in water slightly salted. Have ready a jar and with a silver fork lift each piece out of the bowl and place in a jar until a layer is completed, then sprinkle with yellow ground mustard and twice as much white sugar as mustard. When full cover with good cider vinegar having it cold when you pour over the hot pickles.

PEACH PICKLES.—To 10 lbs of fruit take 5 lbs of white sugar and ½ pt of cider vinegar. Put a layer of peaches, with cloves, spice, cinnamon (whole) to taste, in a brass or porcelain kettle, then scatter sugar over each layer. When full, put in your vinegar, and let them come to a boil very slowly, then put in jars. Do not pare the peaches.

CITRON PRESERVES.—Eight lbs citron, 6 lbs white sugar, 1 lb raisins, 2 lemons cut in pieces. Cook the citron until you can pierce it with a straw, then cook the juice down pretty well. Raisins not cooked much. Put in jars.

PICKLED CUCUMBERS.—Have them small, wash, throw into a weak brine of salt and water and a little alum. Next day put into a jar of cider vinegar, spiced with cinnamon and cloves. Add a tablespoonful of brown sugar. Put into a cool, dry place.

PICCALILY.—One pk green tomatos, 2 onions (slice the tomatos and onions). Add 1 cup of salt. Next day drain off the pickle, put them into the kettle with one cup of sugar, two tablespoonfuls of whole allspice and cloves, ½ pt of whole mustard, 1 cup of ground mustard, (mix it before putting into a bottle). Add 3 pints of vinegar, and boil 2 hours slowly. Put in the mixed mustard when nearly done.—BRIDAL ROSE.

—Young men, and middle aged ones, suffering from nervous debility and kindred weaknesses, send three stamps for Part VII of Dime Series Books. Address WORLD DISPENSARY MEDICAL ASSOCIATION, Buffalo, N. Y.

Our Young Folks.

CRADLE SONG.

BY MARGARET JOHNSON.

To and fro,
So soft and slow,
Swingeth the baby's cradle O!
Still he lies
With laughing eyes,
And will not into Dreamland go.

Lullaby!
The crickets cry,
The twinking stars are in the sky.
Soft dews fall,
While robins call,
And homeward swift the swallows fly.

Sleep, oh, sleep!
In slumber deep,
Sweet dreams across thine eyes shall creep,
And all night
The soft moonlight
Within thy curtained cradle peep.

Hush! he sighs—
The laughter dies
All swiftly from his drowsy eyes.
To and fro,
More soft—more slow—
And fast asleep the baby lies.

A VERY NEW COW.

BY WILLIAM O. STODDARD.

"Father," exclaimed Katy Chittenden, the moment the buggy stopped in front of the gate, "Bun Gates and Rube Hollenhouser were here this morning just after you went away, and they said all our cows were in Mr. Gates's pasture lot."

Deacon Chittenden and his wife and his son William were all in the buggy, and the seat did not look uncomfortable full either. All three of them answered Katy in the same breath, with,

"How did they get in?"

"Oh, I don't know. They didn't say. Rube didn't say anything. It was Bun. He wanted me to tell you."

"It's all that new cow's doings," groaned her father, and the news seemed to make him slow in getting out of the buggy.

"Bun Gates and Rube Hollenhouser are the roughest pair of fellows," began William, but his father checked him.

"They drive my cows for me half the time, William. They drove 'em up to the lot this morning. I'd never have trusted you with that new cow."

It was a serious matter, and it had been on Katy Chittenden's mind all the morning. She had formed an extraordinary idea concerning the "new cow" for which her father had paid so much. So costly a creature, with such horns, and so dreadfully brindled, and that kicked the milk-pail at least three feet, was to be regarded with awe.

The Farm.

In this department I we cordially invite questions, notes, and short communications on agricultural subjects. Brief crop reports etc., etc. Communications should be written legibly and on one side of the paper only, and never on the same sheet with business letters. The full name and address of all those accompanying the communication must be given.

FALLOW.

Of the many plans that you call weeds—pigweed, lambsquarters, redroot, lamb's-ear, bindweed, mullein, yarrow, the ragweed, and all their seeds are easily wiped out by frequent tillage. Many ordinary by-ways harrow.

Of the rougher hillside farms, planted with apple orchards, and with weeks of rest to charm the husbandmen into a restful arms of the fair days of creation.

The shoe how mother earth loves best to have her tired out person; to throw off the burdens of toil, to bask in the all pervading sunlight and graces.

Of the orchards from her hills; and these in her mountain laurel; and in the cool caves, so she tells us, she will keep for you her queens.

Of that to your ear, with pain, the dull sky drops "how pain"—the selfish story!

Of the soil you may subdue, and bend to be and harrow; and to your eyes, with the laughs at you of the hardest, mullein, yarrow!

Of the weeds, the hest to please, for queen is a health giving, possessing the three; and the seed and grasses.

—Lucinda in the Atlantic Monthly.

Prepare for Wintering the Bees.

It is now time for the apiarist to prepare his bees for Winter, being better than to have them until the cold weather. Examine all colonies to make sure they have good laying queens; discard and remove queens two years old and over, as young queens are much more profitable than old ones. Old queens commence laying sooner in Fall and begin much later in the Spring, and are more likely to die during the Winter, so that there is some special reason for keeping a particular queen, I would remove all the old ones with good young queens. A good queen, hatched in August, will fill her hive with bees before Winter and commence laying early in Spring without the necessity of stimulating with extra feed, as we have to do with old queens.

Having attended to this very important point, the next thing is to equalize colonies by taking frames of brood from the strong and adding them to weak colonies, thereby bringing all up to a good, fair standard of wintering. One frame of hatching brood given to a weak colony, or nucleus early this month, will enable them to build up strong for Winter by giving them a full working force when they most need it. If the bees are not gathering enough honey from Fall flowers to cause them to raise brood it is well to feed them every warm evening for a week or two, if only half a pint at a time to each colony. If you have never tried it, you will be surprised at the new life and energy it will impart to them. Within a few days you will find eggs and brood in the hives, and see the bees forging with more energy and determination. I think it much better to feed inside the hives on top of the frames as then the feeders need not be removed every morning as is necessary when fed at the entrance, and the bees are not so likely to commence robbing. In a recent issue was illustrated the feeders I prefer and think to be the best adapted for either slow feeding to encourage the raising of brood, or feeding in quantity to fill up with stores for Winter. In some parts of the country bees gather considerable surplus from Fall flowers, but where such is not the case of all surplus fixtures and all unsealed frames should be removed, so that the long cool Fall nights the heat from the bees may be economized and immature brood may not be chilled. Cloth cushions which have been removed during the Summer, should now be replaced, as that will enable the bees to maintain brood-rearing later, and also save the consumption of honey in order to maintain the heat of his hive.

Considerable controversy has taken place with regard to the best size for a Winter hive put into Winter quarters. In my estimation, six Langstroth frames, well covered with bees answer as well as eight or 10, particularly if in a chaff hive; they will be found as strong in the Spring nearly as the larger ones. I would myself prefer four or five frames crowded with bees, with a young laying queen, to nine or ten with a two-year-old queen—the results on the first of April next year would be much more satisfactory. In the final examination, before putting the bees away for Winter, I prefer to take away, if necessary, some frames of their Fall gathered honey and pollen, and introducing at the middle of the hive two frames of empty worker-comb; then feed the bees liberally pure sugar-syrup (made of A coffee sugar and water) until those frames are filled and sealed over.

The bees will come out clearer, brighter and more healthy in Spring on sugar syrup than on any Fall honey they may gather. The frames removed should be kept in a warm, dry room until Spring, and then be fed back to them for brood-rearing, after the bees are able to fly and void their feces. Pollen consumed in Winter is now acknowledged to be the true cause of dysentery, and by removing the frames filled or partially filled with pollen, and substituting pure sugar syrup, the bees can live for months without any necessity of leaving their hives, and come out in Spring, clean, bright and healthy.

The frames should be spread apart when put into Winter quarters half an inch wider than for breeding; say two inches from center to center, to allow the bees to cluster more densely for mutual warmth. An equally good, if not better way, is to use what the editor of the Bee Journal calls a "Hill's device," which consists of a dome made of four pieces of wood fastened together by a cross piece of hoop iron and curved so as to enclose a space about eight or nine inches in diameter and two inches high in the center, right over the brood nest, thus allowing the bees to cluster immediately over their combs of sealed honey and giving them room over the tops to several frames.—*L. S., in Country Gentleman.*

Money in Apples.

If apple wines is spread a few hours in a spacious manner, and in a way to obtain valuable information about fruit culture, it cannot do better than to visit the farm of Prescot Williams, in Willoughby, inspect his great apple orchards, and see the immense yield of fruit that now so heavily loads the trees. The trees are not in regular order, and so thought are some of the rows that, as Mr. Williams said, a cannon ball fired from end to end would strike the heart of every tree. He has from 1,300 to 1,400 trees in all. They occupy his best lands, and are all around his house, and also in the dooryard and along the roadside. Not all of the trees are in bearing this year, but a majority of them are, and such a sight as they present is worth miles of travel to behold. The trees in themselves are a handsome sight, on account of their perfect shape, the system adopted in pruning, and the thriftiness of their condition. Many of them are bending to the ground with their great weight of apples, some of the limbs actually lying upon the ground. The Baldwins predominate, then come the Ladies' Sweetings, the Rhode Island Greenings, Northern Spys and Hickory Roses etc. The yield this year is probably the largest the orchard ever produced, and it is expected to reach 800 barrels, if there should be no loss by high winds or other causes. Last year the yield was 700 barrels. The trees are constantly growing and the yearly increase in their bearing capacity is estimated at 200 barrels. The time is not far distant when the bearing capacity of these orchards will reach 2,000 barrels, and perhaps more. The fruit is low estimate. If 600 trees bear yearly at the rate of 3½ barrels per tree, the yield would be 2 100 barrels. Anyone can readily see what the value of these orchards must be. Last year Mr. Williams sold his apples at $2 75 a barrel, and he estimates that that is net profit, as the windfalls and imperfect apples used for cider and vinegar cover all expenses. This year the price it is expected will be less, perhaps not more than $2, but this is not certain, as the market rate is not yet fixed. In 1880, the price was $1 a barrel, without the barrel, and in war times the price ran up to $6 a barrel. The average may be about $2 a barrel. If in the next 10 years we estimate an average annual yield of 10,000 barrels, at $6 a barrel, the net income would be $2,000 from 25 acres of land, or $100 per acre. What then is the value of these orchards? Would $25 000 be a high price for them? Good reliable figures show that $25 000 of bank stock is not likely to pay as high a rate of income as these orchards will in the next 20 years.

One peculiarity about Mr. Williams' culture is his manner of setting the trees, and this is probably the foundation of his success. He uses the greatest care. He digs a hole about five feet square, in which he sets the young tree, and then he fills it with good soil and well-made compost. He never plows his orchards, but applies manure upon the surface. Observation has taught him that the little rootlets of the apple tree come to the surface of the ground for any nourishment there may be there. He also takes much care to remove from the orchards all windfalls and decayed and imperfect fruit. In one orchard he has kept several calves, which eat the wormy fruit as it falls. Then he looks sharply after the worms, and removes the nests as fast as they appear. His method of trimming is different from that of most orchardists. He makes the tree grow low, with wide-spreading branches, rather than high. The apples are easier picked and the apples and trees are less liable to injury from high winds.—*Hampshire Gazette.*

Care of Horses.

The Winter season is now approaching, and the season requires greatest care to be bestowed upon all animals. Hogs and sheep and cattle and horses must be sheltered. They must be protected from the excessive cold, the fierce storms of Winter. Horses require shelter fully as much, if not more, than any other class of animals. They seem to lack more than cattle and hogs the force to withstand the inclemencies of the weather. They are animals of value and their loss is always most keenly felt. On very few farms more horses are kept than what are absolutely necessary to perform the usual farm work. When one is lost its place must be immediately supplied, and that will generally require at outlay of from $100 to $200. It is clearly to the farmer's interest to care for his horses as best he can. He can afford to do so, as he will see to his own satisfaction when he has to replace a horse that dies from the lack of judicious care.

In the Winter care of horses the most important item is the shelter. This should be kept warm. It must keep out the rain and snow and wind. But it can be made too warm and too close. Horses must not be overheated when in the stables or they will chill and contract diseases when taken out into the free air. There must be a fair circulation of air through it. It must be well ventilated. If there is no ventilation the air confined over the manure and bedding and breathed and re-breathed by the horses will become foul and noxious and a fruitful source of disease. Because there is a free circulation of air and a good ventilation is no reason why the stable should be cold; it may be made warm and comfortable and yet well ventilated. Cold air may be admitted and a current established without harm if it is not allowed to blow directly on the horses.

The great trouble with stables is that they are made too close. As we have said they are too close for health because they do not admit of being ventilated. Another trouble attendant upon this over-closeness is lack of light. Light is as scarce as pure air. The horse stands in darkness and breathes foul air that is thoroughly impregnated with manurial vapors. Such circumstances are not likely to be conducive to health. Darkness affects all organs, but most particularly the eyes. It weakens the eyes. They seek to accustom themselves to the darkness. Then when the horse is led out into the sunlight the eyes are dazzled and sustain injury.

Stables should be clean. Horses like to be clean. Of all farm animals they most despise filth. Feed boxes should be scrubbed out in the Fall; stalls whitewashed, the manure and bedding cleaned up each morning. Use plenty of wheat straw for bedding; it is a good absorbent and a poor conductor of heat, consequently it will save the urine and keep the horses warm.

Horses require very little grain when not at work. Give them plenty of good hay or fodder, water them regularly and that is about all they will want. They should be given a little ashes tarough the Winter, and salt should be given at least twice per week.

Weeds Live Where Useful Plants Would Die.

In the driest weather our gardener was directed to use a long narrow knife in cutting off the roots of the dandelion plants at a point four or five inches from the surface, with the view of destroying them. Within 60 hours, without a drop of rain, and the soil without moisture, the plants sprouted from the root stump, and came up vigorously, and covered the spot as before. The cutting of the plants again, and covering the fresh incision with a few grains of salt, did not arrest growth; but a drop of strong sulphuric acid applied directly to the wound apparently destroyed vitality. It is not certain, however, that in the Spring they will not again appear in unusual freshness and vigor. What has been stated regarding the dandelion and its tenacity of life applies to most noxious weeds, and the question comes up, Why is it that plants that we do not want, that are an injury to the fields, have capabilities of growth, when valuable plants around them are killed? It seems to be a law in nature that whatever is detested and efforts are made to destroy possesses powers of endurance and resistence which endows it with remarkable vitality. We can see no good reason why worthless weeds should exist at all apparently they serve no good purpose in the world. If we could remove them from our fields as readily and as effectively as we can the wheat or the maize plants, it would not be long before they would cease to annoy us. It is probable that everything that grows exists for a purpose, and whatever is regarded as an enemy, and needs protection, is endowed with a tenacity of life corresponding with its needs.—*Boston Journal of Chemistry.*

How one Farmer Does It.

After several years' feeding, I have found one quart of cottonseed meal—free from husk—one quart of corn meal, and one of bran, to make the best and safest feed-ration give twice daily for a cow in full milk. The husk of cotton-seed is indigestible, and will make trouble very surely if fed to a cow. When I say bran, I mean either rye or wheat, but I like rye best. The effect of cottonseed meal on the butter is to harden it, to give it a good texture, and a fine nutty flavor. Linseed meal has quite the opposite effect, and palm-nut meal will make the butter soft, and greasy too, although it largely increases the butter. But it is necessary to watch a cow very closely when feeding cotton-seed, and never to give any of it within two months before calving, or within 10 days afterwards, and then begin gradually. Two ounces a day is quite enough for a calf under six months old, and indeed I have never yet found it of any advantage to a calf, while it can have corn and oats and bran; I avoid using it for any animals except cows, or for fattening a beef animal.—*Cor. Country Gentleman.*

REDDING'S RUSSIA SALVE has genuine merit, as all who use it will testify. Price, 25c. Try it.

The Sunday School.

Jesus Betrayed and Taken.

LESSON V, SUNDAY, OCTOBER 29, 1882.

Golden Text—The Son of Man is betrayed into the hands of sinners.—Mark 14:41.

LESSON TEXT.

[Mark 14:43 54.]

43. And immediately, while he yet spake, cometh Judas, one of the twelve, and with him a great multitude with swords and staves, from the chief priests and the scribes and the elders.

44 And he that betrayed him had given them a token, saying, Whomsoever I shall kiss, that same is he; take him and lead him away safely away.

45 And as soon as he was come, he goeth straightway to him, and saith, Master, Master; and kissed him.

46 And they laid their hands on him, and took him.

47. And one of them that stood by drew a sword, and smote a servant of the high priest, and cut off his ear.

48. And Jesus answered and said unto them, Are ye come out, as against a thief, with swords and with staves to take me?

49. I was daily with you in the temple teaching, and ye took me not; but the scriptures must be fulfilled.

50 And they all forsook him and fled.

51 And there followed him a certain young man, having a linen cloth cast about his naked body; and the young man laid hold on him.

52 And he left the linen cloth and fled from them naked.

53 And they led Jesus away to the high priest; and with him were assembled all the chief priests and the elders and the scribes.

54 And Peter followed him afar off, even into the palace of the high priest; and he sat with the servants and warmed himself at the fire.

ILLUSTRATIVE APPLICATIONS.

While yet he spake, cometh Judas, one of the twelve (v. 43). The other disciples had slept; but Judas had kept awake. We can be sure of the watchfulness of our enemies, even when our friends seem to fail us. And there is no enemy more to be dreaded than one who was once a friend, but who has turned against us in treachery. His very knowledge of our ways gives him power for our betrayal. There is a possibility of our being betrayed by those whom we have loved dearly and trusted implicitly. But such a result, terrible as it is in contemplation, is far worse for the betrayer than the betrayed. Let us have more dread of betraying a friend, as Judas betrayed Jesus, than of being betrayed by a friend, as Jesus was betrayed by Judas.

And saith, Master, Master, and kissed him (v. 45). We have to be on our guard against pretended friendliness and sympathy in this world. There is more danger from those who falsely claim to desire our welfare, and who would win our confidence through empty assurances of an affectionate interest in us, than from those who face us as open enemies. Many of the smooth-spoken words and the proffered kisses, in society and in business and in politics, are for the purpose of gaining some advantage over those who receive them. To say, Master, Master, is not necessarily to be a scholar or a servant of the one addressed. Betrayals of trust go on, through assumed deference and devotedness, in every sphere of life. Whatever is our danger from others, in this time, let us see that when we say Master, Master, we mean it; and that a kiss from us is a pledge of sincere and unswerving affection. Let not the spirit of Judas be found in us, in our dealings with our Savior, or with our fellows.

And they all forsook him and fled (v. 50). Not Judas only, but all the twelve, forsook Jesus in his hour of need. Betrayed by one, he was deserted by the other eleven. He was left utterly alone. Does that teach us that we also must bear our bitterest trials unaided? that no friend can be trusted to abide with us in faithfulness? By no means. Jesus then learned what it was to be forsaken by those whom he had trusted as his human fellows. Then and there he felt the sting of desolateness from desertion. And from the time of his rising from the dead after that experience of sorrow, down to the present hour, no follower of his has been left alone in his need. Jesus has never slept for an hour while one of his disciples watched and prayed in agony. "He that keepeth thee will not slumber;" and his words of cheer are to his disciples all and always: "Lo, I am with you always, even to the end of the world."—*H. Clay Trumbull, in Sunday School Times.*

BOLD ROBBERY.

A Bank Cashier Knocked Down and Robbed of $30,000 in Bills.

LEBANON, Pa., Oct. 12.—About 8 this evening George D. Rise, cashier of the Lebanon Dime Savings Bank, was robbed of a satchel containing $30,000, all in bills. He had just returned from Philadelphia, and before going to the bank stopped at his house for supper. While on the way to the bank after supper, and when about a square from his house, he was passed by two men, and directly afterward received a stunning blow, knocking him into the gutter. He held on to the satchel and cried murder. The robbers, who had been beating and kicking him all the while, fearing his cries would bring assistance, moved off a short distance, but returned and wrenching the handle off the satchel secured it. Rise was covered with blood.

It has been learned that the struggle between the cashier and the robbers was witnessed by George Rohr, who was passing along the street, but he thought it was a fight between a lot of drunken men.

The robbers ran into a vacant lot near by and were hailed as they ran by another citizen, curious to know the cause of their hurry. There is no further clew.

Rise offered a reward of $1 000 for the capture of the robbers. The money be longed to the bank.

UTAH.

The Mormons Troubled to Find a Candidate for Delegate.

SALT LAKE CITY, Oct. 12—The Liberals to-day nominated Phillip T. Varzie, United States District Attorney for Utah, for delegate to Congress. It is regarded by both sides as the strongest nomination the Liberals could make. The platform arraigns the Mormon Church for making Utah disloyal to the Government retarding its growth, and setting the people at variance with the people of the United States, and declares there can be no fair and impartial civil government in Utah while the Mormon Church is permitted to control the law-making power. It repeats the demand of the last Territorial Convention for a legislative commission; endorses Gov. Murray, and the Edmunds Election Commission. To the latter it tenders thanks for their judicious conduct in the registration of voters under great and peculiar difficulties.

The Mormon Convention is in session and more so than usual. There is a growing division of sentiment between the Polygamists and Monogamists. Polygamists being incapible, Congressional timber is scarce. The Church Bourbons have selected John T. Caine. They would have taken Hooper, former delegate, but he insisted on his own platform, and the Church would not concede to it. They are besieging the Government to call a special election to fill the unexpired term of Cannon.

COUNTERFEITERS.

A Gang Broken Up in Indiana—Spurious Silver Dollars at Buffalo.

INDIANAPOLIS, Oct. 12—A large gang of counterfeiters were arrested in Tipton last night and brought to this city to-day by the Sheriff of Tipton County. About a year ago a man named Hobbs gave information to the Secret Service of the existence of a gang of counterfeiters in Tipton County, and a detective was sent there by the Government to work up the case, which resulted in the arrest of the following parties last night and to-day, under direction of special agents Jas. Small, Jacob Masters, Christopher A. Masters, Wm. Snepe, Jacob B. Johnson, A. A. Smith, Jasper N. Wright, George King, Joseph F. Small, Charles Booth, John T. Small and Alonzo Haworth. These men were brought to the city to-day and lodged in jail. Two days ago Special Agent Rathbone and detectives Kenoen and Hobbs arrested James Campbell, Harvey Carpenter and Wm. Crull, members of the same gang, who were on a train going to Logansport. These men were brought to this city and kept secretly. John Keesling, a saloon keeper in this city, was also arrested to-day. Most of the prisoners are residents of Tipton County. United States Marshal Foster and the Deputy Sheriff of this city assisted in making the arrests.

BUFFALO, Oct. 12.—A number of spurious silver dollars in circulation in this vicinity are believed to be the work of some of the German and Italian counterfeiters recently arrived in New York and operating here.

Scarcity of Pinenee Coins in Church.

Boston Post.

Punched coins are more frequently passed off for beer than for the Gospel. A comparison of saloon money drawers and church contribution boxes will prove this.

WESTERN UNION.

Election of Directors to Manage a Capital of $80,000,000.

NEW YORK, Oct 11—At the annual meeting of the Western Union Telegraph Company the following Directors were elected: Norvin Green, Thomas Eckert, Edwin D. Morgan, John VanHorn, Augustus Schell, Harrison Durkee, Jay Gould, Russell Sage, Alonzo B. Cornell, Sidney Dillon, Cyrus W. Field, John Pender, M. P., Henry Weaver, Percy R. Pyne, Robert Lenox Kennedy, Hugh J Jewett, J Pierpont Morgan, Frederick L Ames, Edwin D. Worcester, William D. Bishop, C P. Huntington, Geo B Roberts, Zalmon G. Simmons, Samuel Sloan, Erastus Wiman, Amasa Stone, George J. Gould, Chauncey M. Depew, James W. Clendenin, George T Baser.

The annual report shows a capital of $80,000 000, of which $20,000 belongs to and is in the Treasury of the Company. The bonded debt at the close of the year was about $6,000 000 Surplus revenue for the year over dividends, interest and sinking fund appropriations, $1,852,107; surplus at the commencement of the year, $127,258; total, $1,979,065. Deducting $315,425 for the construction of new lines, erection of additional wires, purchase of telegraph stocks and other properties, leaves a surplus June 30, 1882, of $1,664,280

The revenues for the year do not include surplus funds in the treasury of the American Cable Company. The surplus assets of the Company in the form of marketable securities in the treasury being more than sufficient to meet any constructions or purchase likely to be made for some years, additional capitalization will not be necessary. This policy places the question of continuing, at least for the present, the rate of dividends beyond a possible contingency, with a probable increase of the rate when the board shall deem it wise to make such increases. Besides $29,000 of the Western Union stock, there are saleable assets in the treasury amounting to over $8 000,000, and the proceeds thereof may be realized whenever they can be more profitably invested.

The gross receipts for the ensuing year are estimated at $19,000,000, and the net profits at $8,000 000

A LUNATIC

Running Through the Streets of New York Stabbing Women.

NEW YORK, Oct 10—An extraordinary occurrence took place to-day on Fourteenth street. At an hour of the afternoon when the street is most crowded with shoppers a demented Frenchman ran amuck through the crowded thoroughfare, and with a pair of sharp pointed carpenter's compasses stabbed right and left, the victims all being women. The wife of the policeman who patrolled the block was one of the victims, and when her husband arrested the lunatic he did not know the compasses were dripping with his wife's blood. The lunatic was Ernst Dubuique, a half idiotic painter, whose crazy antics have for years made made him a conspicuous character. His victims were more or less severely injured. Their names are as follows: Mrs. Nichols, No. 422 East Ninth street; Miss Louise Checker, age 22, of No 191 West Fifty-first street; Miss M. L. King, of No 420 East Fifty-seventh street, severely hurt; Miss Pauline Fieder, age 19, of No. 359 West sixteenth street; Mrs. Thomas Worth, of No. 666 Lexington avenue, dangerously injured; Mrs. Mary Hanley, the policeman's wife, of No 110 Greenwich avenue, two stab wounds left breast, perhaps fatally injured. Mrs. Hanley was taken to the New York Hospital and the others assisted home. The lunatic was arrested by Officer Hanley His clothing was spattered with blood. He said he felt dizzy, and admitted that he had been drinking. He wore two hats. He said he stabbed the women because some man had threatened his life. The prisoner, with his father, wanders for years through the City, bearing painted signs denouncing justice from California to some where. They accepted charity, but only enough to feed and lodge them. The father died February last. The son kept up his pilgrimage until to-day, when he set out on the slaughter of women.

A TERRIBLE CRIME.

A Michigan Farmer Shoots his Wife and Son in a Quarrel About a Load of Oats.

PORT SANILAC, Oct. 10.—Word comes to this place that Robert Davidson, living three miles north of Deckerville, attempted to kill his wife, daughter and son, yesterday afternoon. During the oat harvest the oldest son did the overseeing around the farm, and the old Lady helped get the noon meal on the farm. One load was left in the afternoon, as the old lady wanted to go berrying and the son said she might. She went, and Davidson was mad, and has been raising a rumpus ever since. Yesterday forenoon he went to Deckerville and got partially intoxicated; went home and went to sleep; got up feeling better, took a pail and went after water; came in and shot his wife twice, once in the shoulder blade and once in the head. The girl ran and Davidson fired that missed. Davidson then went out in the field where his youngest son was plowing and said: "Pretty hard work?" The son said "Yes," and passed on. The old man stepped behind and put a revolver to the head of his son and pulled the trigger. The pistol snapped and the boy grabbed him. In the struggle the old man fired again, shooting the boy in the head, but only making a flesh wound. Then Davidson took to the woods. Over 100 men were out after him last night, but he is not caught yet. The doctors probed for the ball in Mrs. Davidson and found it in her breast and cut it out. She will probably die. The son is not hurt much. Davidson is a peaceable man, but addicted to liquor. He had deeded the farm to the oldest son, being jealous of the rest of the family. This was the probable cause of his crime.

Serious Charges Against the Collector of Customs at Sitka.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11—The charges made by Commander Pearson, commanding the United States steamship "Wachusett," stationed at Sitka, Alaska, against Gouverneur Morris, Collector of Customs for that district, have been referred by the Secretary of the Navy to the Secretary of the Treasury. The charges are of a serious character, including fraud upon the revenue, in connection with the importation and sale of liquor, drunkenness, the ruthless slaughter of Indian dogs, arbitrary and aggressive conduct towards the natives, as well as towards the officers of the Government having business with him, and also with an unwarranted and overbearing exercise of authority it is further represented that he is in perpetual conflict with the natives, and also with the officers of the revenue cutter service, and that his retention in the office is likely to result in an outbreak among the Indians. The case will be brought to the attention of Sec Folger as soon as he returns to this City.

Ohio Knights Templar—Election of Officers.

ZANESVILLE, Oct 12—The Knights Templar Grand Conclave closed this morning. The following officers were elected: Right Eminent Grand Commander, H. H. Tatem, Cincinnati; Deputy Grand Commander, E. H. Vance, Urbana; Grand Generalissimo, Eli Farald, Dayton; Grand Captain General, W. F. Walker, Toledo; Grand Prelate, L. F. Vanderveer; Grand Senior Warden, C. E. Stanley, Cleveland; Grand Junior Warden, Theo. F. Newman, Cincinnati; Grand Treasurer, J. B. Parsons, Cleveland; Grand Secretary, James Nesbitt, Troy; Grand Standard Bearer, H E O'Hagan Sandusky; Grand Sword Bearer, O. A. B Sutter, Columbus; Grand Warden, L. W. Backmaster, Washington Court House; Grand Sentinel, J. Randall, Waynesville.

The majority of the Commanderies and delegates will return home this evening, after the process on of the 700 men and the grand ball quet.

Color Line at Chattanooga.

CHATTANOOGA, Oct. 12—One day last week H. F. Grisom, Postmaster of Chattanooga, appointed a colored man to a position in the distributing and delivery department of the postoffice. This appointment has created considerable discussion among the Chattanoogans, who are incensed at what they consider an outrage on the several young men and women employed there, all of whom, it is said, will resign at the end of the month. All the editors in the city have interviewed the Postmaster, and been assured that it was done after mature deliberation on his own volition, and without outside political or other pressure. Except Atlanta, Chattanooga is the only city in the South that has a colored man in the delivery office. About one-third of the population of Chattanooga are colored people, which fact may have had its influence in bringing about the appointment. Mr. Grisom says the man appointed is intelligent, well educated and fully competent to do the work expected of him.

Struck a Mule.

ALMA, Col, Oct 12—This afternoon while an engine pushing an empty flat was coming down a steep grade on the Mosquito extension of the South Park railroad, the flat car struck a mule standing on the track, throwing the engine and car down an embankment. Conductor Jack Bledsoe and two unknown men were instantly killed. The engineer and fireman saved themselves by jumping.

PATENT DECISION.

Labels and Trade Marks—What May Be Registered.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 11.—The decision of the Commissioner of Patents, Marble, in the case of *ex parte* Shumacher & Ethlinger, decided last week, was made public yesterday.

The decision is an important one, because it applies to a large class of labels, and even trade marks, presented for registration in the Patent Office. In his decision the Commissioner says:

The alleged labels are fancied designs, printed upon slips of paper, and intended to be used in connection with cigars and cigar boxes.

The Examiner refuses to register them on the ground that they do not properly constitute labels.

The applicants assert that the only power conferred by the statute upon the patent officer is that of receiving and receipting for applications for labels, and forwarding a copy of the record. In other words upon receipt of such an application, the duty of the officer is purely ministerial, and the statute gives no authority for questioning whether the so-called label is a label trade-mark or something else.

The statute provides that the Commissioner of Patents shall be "charged with the supervision and control of the entry or register of such prints or labels." What kind of supervision and control does it refer to? The words are general. In this country the patent system is organized so as to protect the inventor and the public. The statute directs the Commissioner to examine into the subject matter of applications for patents, and determine whether they exhibit such inventions as should be protected. Inventions are of more value than labels, yet the latter are equally entitled to protection. It is not unreasonable to presume that Congress, being fully aware of the equity in the patent system on conferring upon the Commissioner the supervision and control of the registry of labels, intended this power to be administered so as to protect the public. If trade-marks are registered as labels, a prima facie case is made out and a moral protection obtained injurious to the multitude. Though the label is invalid, yet the public is misled. The Patent Office assists in the injury, and the innocent individual will find the remedy expensive.

Again, the statute says that only prints and labels, not trade-marks, may be registered in the Patent Office upon the payment of $6. The fee for registering trade-marks is $25. The law, by implication, prohibits the registry of a trade-mark upon payment of only $6. The Patent Office receives both applications and fees. Who then should decide whether a trade mark or a label is embraced? How fruitless to await the action of a Court on a trade-mark so registered as a label. The difference made in the matter of fees shows clearly the intent of the statute, for the Commissioner at the outset is to distinguish between a label and a trade-mark.

An examination of the prints shows them to be peculiar designs, fanciful and arbitrarily selected, with nothing about them descriptive or suggestive of the contents or ownership of the packages to which they are to be applied.

I must hold that it is within the authority of the Patent Office to refuse to register trade-marks under the guise of labels, and that in the present instance to applications do not present labels for registration. The decision of the Examiner is, therefore, affirmed.

REV. H. W. BEECHER

Withdraws from Membership in the Association of Congregational Churches—Spiritual Barbarism Discussed.

NEW YORK, Oct 10.—The Autumn meeting of the New York and Brooklyn Association of Congregational Churches was opened this morning at the Park Congregational Church in Brooklyn Rev. J. F. Roberts, of the Rochester avenue church, officiated as Moderator, and Rev. Mr. Stiles acted as temporary scribe. The following is from the Brooklyn Eagle report of proceedings:

Rev. Mr. Beecher, who had been assigned to open the discussion on the subject of spiritual barbarism, made it the occasion for announcing his withdrawal from membership in the Association. He delivered an elaborate exposition of his views respecting the doctrines of the Bible and Christianity. He resigned as a reason for withdrawing from the Association, that, as a Christian Lutheran, he could not afford to lay on anybody the responsibility of his views. He could not afford especially to put the Association in such a position that they were obliged to defend him. He could not make them responsible in any way, and therefore he now here, in the greatest love and sympathy, laid down his membership, and should go forth not to be separated from them but really to be nearer to them. He should do anything for them. He never was in more personal sympathy for them than now, but he laid down the responsibility that they had borne; he took it off them and put it on himself. The doctrine of man's moral and psychical inability to obey the laws of God he rejected; he also rejected the representations of future punishment which were gross and physical, that they were made from the sensuous Roman school. He believed in future punishment; he believed that the wholesome and restraining influence of that doctrine had been very largely destroyed by substituting a slaughter-house notion, gross, carnal, corrupting and diabolical representation of hell and the suffering of those who were subjected to them. The suffering would not be bodily, as he held, but mental, according to the laws of moral sensibility and all the effections. It was not a machine of sulphur and fire, a deluge of devils and all manner of annoyances epitomized and represented in the art of Angelo's last judgment, and represented more abominably and inexcusably by Cornelius and the German school. That was barbarity. He regarded also the whole doctrine of the origin of sin as found in the fall of Adam as being barbarism. He accepted without analysis the trinity. Any attempt to divide the functions was inutile.

MASKED THIEVES

Make a Raid on a Michigan Man and Relieve Him of His Cash

DETROIT, Oct 9—Benjamin Sturgis, of Big Beaver, Oakland County, brought in a report to police headquarters that about midnight, Friday, three masked men entered his house and demanded to know where his money was hidden. Sturgis refused to reveal its whereabouts. They replied they knew there was money in the house, and if he would tell where it was secreted they would not injure him, but if he would still refuse they would pull out his toe-nails with a pair of pinchers which one of them exhibited. Finding Sturgis still stubborn they threatened to shoot him. Sturgis informed them that they might tear him to pieces or shoot him, but he would not reveal the whereabouts of the money. Finally Mrs. Sturgis, who was badly frightened, told them the money was secreted in a trunk in the garret. Sturgis and his wife and a domestic were tied to their beds. The thieves then secured the money, and afterwards ransacked the house thoroughly for more money, but found none. The thieves then left the house, stole a horse and harness from Theodore Brewett, of Big Beaver, and a buckboard from Sturgis, and it is believed drove into Detroit. Every effort is being made to capture the thieves.

R. B Beaver is located six miles above Red Oak and 18 miles from Detroit.

Elliott Claims the Championship.

NEW YORK, Oct 10—James Elliott publishes the following in the Sun:

My match with "Tug" Wilson, the cowardly English pugilist, having fallen through because the overrated Englishman was afraid to return to this country to meet me, after he had allowed Richard K. Fox to put up $500 and arrange the match, and being informed that John L. Sullivan will not fight in another prize fight, I claim the title of champion heavy weight pugilist of America. I am now ready to fight any man in the world, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, for the sum of $1 000 to $2,500 a side, the fight to take place within 100 miles of New Orleans, three or four months after signing articles. Richard K Fox to be final stakeholder, if he will accept. Having learned that George Rooke and Paddy Ryan are eager to claim the title of champion, they can have the first opportunity. To prove I mean business, my backer, John Sivies, of 39 Bowery, has posted $1,000 forfeit, and we shall be ready to meet any pugilist to sign articles and arrange a match when our money is covered. My backer's $1,000 proves that we mean business, and if Paddy Ryan wants to retrieve his lost laurels, or Rooke is not afraid to fight, this is the time to let the sporting men of America see that they are not looking-glass fighters instead of champions.

JAMES ELLIOTT,
Champion Pugilist of America.

—Avoid fever, Ague and Biliousness by taking Colden's Liebig's Liquid Beef and Tonic Invigorator. *Ask for Colden's* of druggists.

BANKER MURDERED.

An Eccentric Bachelor Banker Murdered in His Bedroom and a Large Sum of Money Secured.

WAPAKA, Wis., Oct 9—A daring murder and bank robbery occurred here last night. The victim is H. C. Mead, a wealthy banker, in business here for 30 years. He was an eccentric bachelor of 60, who slept in the bank and boarded at a hotel. This morning he failed to appear at breakfast and dinner, and a messenger was sent to the bank and found it locked. Going to a back window he discovered the wire screen cut, the window let down from the top, and Mead lying in a pool of blood on the floor. Investigation showed that his head and face were horribly mangled with shot, as if both barrels of a double-barreled shotgun had been discharged at him from short range. It is supposed the assassins shot him from the window while he was sitting at the table writing. The safe was not locked, and the assassins carried off several thousand dollars in currency, gold and bonds. The exact amount is not known. No clue to the murderers.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 9—Further particulars show that Mead was worth considerable over $100 000. The bank is a one story wooden building, the front room being used for bank business; in the rear room was the sleeping apartment of the murdered man; not five feet from where his body was stands a window without bars, and the sill is about five feet from from the ground. In this room Mr. Mead has slept and almost lived for 25 years, having no wife or children. His pearl was often mentioned him, and his answer was that he never owned any one in his life, and if it was his money that was wanted it wouldn't be necessary to kill him. When discovered the banker lay midway between the window and door leading into the business part of the building, his right arm under his body and rigot leg thrown across the left. Both eyes, most of the nose and that part of the face from the cheek bone to the left eye had been shot away, and flesh and blood was lying on the floor several feet from the corpse. What was left of the face was almost unrecognizable, and his long brown beard, that was once streaked with gray, was clotted with flesh and blood. The wound was caused by a discharge from a shotgun loaded very heavily with fine shot. His death must have been instantaneous. The shot was evidently fired from the rear window.

Inquiry reveals the fact that several people who live in the immediate vicinity heard the report of the gun about 12, but as such a thing is not unusual it caused no alarm.

A committee of leading citizens called a meeting for the evening, and a thorough investigation will be made. The relatives of Mead are wealthy, and a large reward will be offered for the capture of the murderers and robbers.

WAUPACA, Oct. 11.—Following is the Republican's account of the murder and robbery of Mr. Meade:

It was discovered that Mr. Meade, the banker, had been cruelly murdered and his bank robbed some time during the preceding night. As Mr Meade did not come to breakfast or to dinner at the Vosburg House, where he took his meals, the dining room girls thought he might be sick, and went to the back window of the bank building, where he slept, to ascertain what was the matter. Raps and calls failed to bring any response, when one of the girls stepped upon a box and looked through the window and was horrified at seeing Mr. Meade up in the floor, dead, and the walls, beds, books and desk daubed with blood. The alarm was raised immediately. An immense crowd assembled, but the doors were not opened or a thing disturbed until Justice Chesley summoned a jury of inquest. Mr Meade was lying on the floor so nearly upon his face that the character of the wound could not be seen, but everything in the room was spattered with blood, the floor was smeared with gore, and pools of blood had collected against the baseboard. The bank building is on the corner south of the Court House, is one story high, and about 18x26 feet in size. Inside the banking-room is about 18 feet square, a partition cutting off a room at the south end about feet wide and 12 feet long. In this room was the bed in which Mr Meade slept, and his private desk, and here it was that the bloody scene was enacted. At the time the shot was fired he was sitting at his desk making up his account, the cash portion of which amounted to over $600. As to how the deed was done there are two theories, but the one which seems most reasonable is that he was shot from the window. Outside the window a large box had been placed, and the wire netting cut away, and the window being down from the top made the murder easy. The indications are that as Mr. Meade sat at his desk he heard something, and turning his head to the right toward a door leading to a little woodshed, the charge struck him in the right temple, tearing out both his eyes and killing him instantly. The murderer then seized the money and the bonds in the safe, and in his hurry overlooking the cash on the counter, went out through the window, closed it as much as he could, and left. The wadding pieces of the *Waupaca Post* of August 30, was found, showing that the weapon was a muzzle loading shot gun. The shot was pigeon or mustard shot. There are some contusions on the head which lead some to think he was at first attacked with a bludgeon and afterwards shot.

Mr. Meade was

News of the Week

TELEGRAPHIC CONDENSATIONS.

The Swiss Federal Council has prohibited recruiting for Egypt.

Trustee Chaffee has begun proceedings against Gov. Sprague to eject him from Canonchet.

Chas. Scarrett, a prominent citizen of Columbus, O., was killed by being trampled on by a horse.

The liabilities of Duncan A. Grant, dry goods, assigned, are $141,668; nominal assets, $140,000.

Recent contributions for the Garfield Hospital Fund from United States Consuls amount to $1,500.

The revenue of the Dominion of Canada for the year was $35,181,381, and the expenditures $27,455,000.

A block of business houses on Front street, El Paso, Tex., valued at $100,000, was wiped out by fire Tuesday.

The President has appointed Henry H. Morgan, of Louisiana, Secretary of the Legation of the United States to Mexico.

Ingestry Hall, the seat of Earl Shrewsbury, near Stafford, England, was completely gutted by fire, the loss being $500,000.

John Albert, a Constable of Toronto, who shot a boy he was pursuing, was convicted of murder and sentenced to be hanged next month.

The Dominion Government will next Summer lay a cable under Lake Superior, connecting with the telegraph system of Ontario.

James Keany, of South Boston, Mass., beat his wife in such a brutal manner that she died shortly afterward. Keany is under arrest.

A Stock Exchange organized by European brokers is set for the auspices of the Mexican National Bank, will be opened at the City of Mexico.

Tenders were opened Tuesday at the Bank of England for £2,000,000 worth of Indian four per cent debentures. The loan was covered twice at about par.

Synod of Michigan closed its sessions at Saginaw Monday. The report of the Committee in favor of absolute prohibition of the liquor traffic was adopted.

An influential member of the Board of Trade of Montreal predicts that the Canadian canals will be made absolutely free if this are taken off the waterways of New York.

In the match between the Australian 11 and 8 New York players, the play of Monday put the Australians so far ahead that it is doubtful if they will go in to make any more runs.

Sixty one head of polled Angus and Galloway cattle were sold at the Kansas City fair grounds Tuesday for $31,750. The Angus cows averaged $715 and the Galloway cows $407.

Reports reflecting upon the official conduct of Charles S. Warner, Treasurer of the Lafayette Savings Bank, of Lafayette, Ind., prove, upon investigation, to be without founda tion.

Miss Annie Moller, who was injured when the bandwagon in which she was riding in the Barnum parade in Philadelphia Monday, recovered a verdict against the proprietor for $4,500. A number of similar suits will follow.

Agents of the Rock Island Road at St. Paul are selling tickets to Chicago for $12 50 and returning $8 50 to the purchaser as commissions. The Milwaukee & St. Paul refuses to cut rates.

A new road called the Chicago & Hannibal was incorporated at Springfield, Ill., yesterday; capital stock, $2,000 000. The line will be 260 miles long, but the practice route is not yet determined.

The reunion of the Fourth Kentucky Infantry, the first regiment to rendezvous in Kentucky in 1861, took place at Lexington Tuesday. About 40 members were present, including Gen. Speed Fry, their first Colonel.

The number of applications received at the Patent Office for the fiscal year ended June 30 1882, including reissues, designs, trade-marks and labels was 24 906; during the last fiscal year 30,062, and increase of 5,156.

It is stated at the Pension Office in Washington that 400,000 cases are now pending, 100,000 more will probably come in a year, and a pension case filed to-day, at the present rate of progress would be adjudicated in 1886.

J. D. Wattles, collector of Sunday school statistics for the census department at Washington, demanded his pay and was told the appropriation had run out. He refuses to give up the papers and statistics gathered.

The statement of the financial condition of the Postoffice Department at the close of the fiscal year ended June 30, 1882, shows total receipts of $41,876,410; total expenditures, $40,934,034; excess of receipts, $1,850 775

The Directors of the Milwaukee Expedition voted to sell $700,000 in new capital stock, to lift a mortgage held by John Hankington. The latter afterward offered to present $20,000 of the debt and take $1,000 in stock.

Judge Traver, of Philadelphia, decided the act of 1794, inflicting a penalty for engaging in worldly employment on Sunday is valid. The point was raised by a number of barbers who were fined for shaving customers on Sunday.

Samuel Clay & Co., owners of the second largest distillery in Bourbon County, Ky., assigned to Wm. Webb. Liabilities, $1,04 000; the assets will more than cover that amount. Too much whisky in bond and recent improvement of buildings is said to be the cause.

A raid by Dubuque officers on a back room in White street revealed dies and moods for counterfeiting silver coin. The man arrested has been active in the exercises of the Young Mens Christian Association, and his mistress was an untiring laborer among the prisoners in the jail.

A new line has been established between Chicago and Omaha, and business has already been taken over it. It consists of the Illino's Central to Sioux City and thence of the St Paul & Omaha Road to Omaha. The Iowa pool will probably be somewhat disturbed by the new route.

Pierre D. Rettot, belonging to one of the best Canadian families, who for 12 years has been employed as a clerk in the Bank of Montreal, was caught stealing letters containing money. When he had been taken to jail the police found in his room $5,000, which he confessed to be the fruit of robberies.

Reports from Pittsylvania County, Va., state that the ravages of diphtheria in certain localities have reached an alarming extent. Nearly 300 deaths occurred within 60 days; not a family escaped; 20 pupils in one school district died Sunday; three children were lying dead in one house.

The grave of John Kelly, in the cemetery at West Charlton, N. Y., has been robbed. No trace of the remains can be found. The robbery was discovered by opening the grave to change the position of the body, preparatory to the erection of a monument. Anox, in life, was a prominent City official of Amsterdam.

Senator Keifer appointed in behalf of the House a Committee to attend the funeral of Rep. Lowe, of Alabama, as follows: Thomas H Herndon, H. A. Herbert, William Dates, Thomas Williams C. W. Hewitt William H. Forney, of Alabama; Emory Speer, of Georgia; Charles E. Hooker, of Mississippi; George G. Dibrell, Benton McMillan, Charles E. Simonton and William R. Moore, Tennessee.

The Mexican National Railroad Company completed the reconstruction of their bridge across the Rio Grande at Laredo, Wednesday, thus restoring rail communication between the Republics, which was broken a few weeks ago by high water. The bridge has 20 spans, each 50 feet long. The International & Great Northern Road, whose bridge was also swept away by the same freshet, has not yet begun to rebuild.

Collector Morris, at Sitka, Alaska, in a letter to Surgeon General Hamilton, of the Marine Hospital service, expresses a hope that a member of that service may be stationed at Sitka, and states that there has been raging there, confined chiefly, however, to the Tlingit and Koloshian and Indians, a disease resembling the black measles combined with scarlet fever, making that a plague stricken community.

During the past year 20,000 claims for bounty, back pay, etc., have been disposed of, and over 40 000 are still pending. Claims have been filed so rapidly the year that the grand total has been reduced but 2,000. Auditor Ferris recommends a limit be fixed for the filing of war claims, and a supplemental bill will be sent to Congress asking the appointment of 50 additional clerks to aid the bureau on claims already pending.

Julia Ward Howe was chosen President of the Association for the Advancement of Women. Among the Vice Presidents are Charlotte Fiefer of Pennsylvania; Finette B. Brelye, Ohio; Julia Holmes Smith, Illinois; Martha N. McKay, Indiana; Laura Clay, Kentucky; Rebecca N Hazard, Missouri; M. B. B. Lynde, Wisconsin; Julia M Hunting, Iowa; Alida C. Avery, Colorado; Lucinda B. Stone, Michigan; Clara B. Colby, Nebraska; Virginia E. Merwin, Louisiana; Clara Conway, Tennessee; Sarah B. Stearns, Minnesota; Kate Garnett Wells of Massachusetts, was elected Secretary, and Burnham L. T. Wolcott, Treasurer.

Gov. Foster will take part in the Indiana campaign.

Another section (50 miles) of Northern Pacific Road has been accepted by the President

Father Sheehy, of Dublin, has received from his parishioners a testimonial valued at £2,500.

Arabi Pasha persists in declaring he will defend himself, if denied English counsel at his trial.

At Constantinople the Moderate party are in the ascendant and the fanatics are temporarily cast down.

Secretary Teller denies that he will be a candidate for election to the United States Senate from Colorado.

A wealthy Philadelphian named Robert Gwynn was drugged and robbed of $5,000 at Pueblo, Col., Thursday.

Thomas Power O'Connor denies that the Irish in America have ceased subscribing to the Irish National fund.

Hawkins' majority over Beresford, for Sheriff of Hamilton County, is shown by the official count to be 58.

Martin Orotin, 19 years of age, was murdered Saturday night on Sixth street, Cincinnati, by unknown men.

The Democratic Convention of Washington Territory nominated Judge Thomas Burke as delegate to Congress.

It is rumored that Montgomery Blair will be a candidate for Speakership if elected as a Congressman from Maryland.

Near San Antonio, Tex., Manuel Balderez a herder, was assassinated by P. Calasco. The latter is a Mexican.

A cyclone of the fiercest description is moving along the Atlantic coast northward. It reached New York last night.

At Austin, Neb., a party of Piute braves attacked a hut, occupied by a number of squaws, and stoned an idiot boy to death.

Mrs. Mary Hanley, wife of Police Officer Hanley, clubbed on Tuesday last by the crazy Preachman, Earnest Dubourvue, died yesterday.

The Sheriff at Philadelphia has realized $67,000 from the sale of property belonging to Casimer M. Hilgert, the absconding sugar-refiner.

Pres Arthur and Gen. Butler met in a Boston theater last night, and, shaking hands before the audience, were greeted with loud applause.

The Hebrew Immigrant Aid Society has decided to notify London, Paris and Berlin authorities not to forward any more refugees to this country.

The Delaware State Temperance Alliance has addressed letters to legislative candidates of both parties asking if they will advocate local option if elected.

The colored people of Columbia, S. C., are in a state of great religious excitement about the comet. They believe it is a warning of the coming of the millenium.

The Marion Trust Company has brought suit against the Indianapolis Journal for $50,000 damages for articles published in the Journal against that organization.

Capt. J. C. S. Blacburn was nominated for Congress in the Ashland, Ky., District at the Democratic primary election Saturday. His majority was between 4,000 and 5,000.

Packer Colliery, No. 2, of the Lehigh Valley Coal Company, burned. Loss $50,000. The colliery shipped about 100 cars of coal per day and employed between 400 and 500 men.

The recess in the public schools in Albany, New York, has been abolished. The school hours are made continuous from 9 to 11:30 in the morning and from 1:15 to 3:30 in the afternoon.

Austin Davis, who escaped from a guard while doing work outside the Penitentiary last Friday, has been found at the home of his mother at Mt Carmel, Illinoisville. He will be returned to the prison at once.

Almon L. Meaker, of Waterbury, Vt., who assisted his mother in murdering a pauper girl boarding in their family, and who lies under sentence of death, has made a detailed confession of the poisoning.

S. J. Tolford, a young millionaire of New York, was married at Newport Wednesday to a granddaughter of Gen McComb, named Chatraud. The Baroness Rothschild sent a bracelet from London.

A dispatch from Olathe, Ks., states that a fire there destroyed the building occupied by the Postoffice, the Olathe Mirror newspaper, and several law offices. The persistent efforts of the former's mother, secretary of religious differences. The girl took a dose of rat poison and an ounce of laudanum, but a physician saved her.

The Secretary of the Navy has decided to restore the grade of Port Admiral at New York, abolished when Vice Admiral Brown was relieved from the yard Commodore John H. Upshur, at present commandant at New York, will be assigned to the position, in addition to his present duties.

Twenty five hundred white construction employes of the Northern Pacific Railroad, in Montana, struck on account of the raise of board half a dollar a week. No violence The Supervising Engineer telegraphed that the old board rates will be maintained, and it is thought that the men will return to work. The Chinese, numbering 6,000 are not in the strike.

A man has just been released from the penitentiary at Pennsylvania who has been in prison 30 years. He was a forger and was convicted and sentenced in 1852. He owned a house and lot, which was worth about $1,500 when he went to prison and the increase in its value, and the income it has brought him, now gives him a fortune of $40,000 to start again in life.

The New York Post says: "Perhaps the strongest evidence of economy in shipping Chicago dressed beef to New York and the best ground for believing cheaper beef will rule from the movement, is the report among Washington market butchers that four of the largest slaughterers of this city have resolved to transfer their slaughterhouses to Chicago and bring their meat here for sale. The price at ice houses is from 6 to 9 cents a pound for prime beef by the quarter."

A hot broke out Sunday afternoon on Ward's Island among the Russian Hebrew refugees quartered there, which required a large force of police to quell Supt. Henry Blank received a scalp wound, and several refugees were severely bruised by the police, who entered into the affray with drawn revolvers and clubs. Two policemen were slightly injured. Seven refugees were discontented at core of and disliked the superintendent oulded his harshness, hence the trouble.

TARIFF COMMISSION.

Prof Sumner, the Great Apostle of Free Trade, Presents His Views.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 14.—At the session of the Tariff Commission, Prof Sumner, of Yale College, on the question of protective taxes to wages, denied the allegation that protection brought capital into use which would otherwise lie idle, and asserted that the rate of wages obtained here was due to economic forces at work. There was only one thing that could reduce American wages to European standards, and that was protective taxes applied long enough and with sufficient weight. Sumner then took up and undertook to refute the argument that a free trade would drive our population to agricultural pursuits and would thus reduce wages and all other remuneration for labor. He who believed that the way to raise wages was to hinder the people from getting at things easily and cheaply, or to refrain from the most profitable mode of obtaining goods, must believe that the workmen raised wages when they stopped working and went out on strikes, and lowered wages when they went to work again Trades Unionism and Protectionism were falsehoods. The way of prosperity for human society was by industry, economy, thrift, skill, energy, painstaking, excellence, lifesty, abundance, and not by some crafty and artificial devices to produce scarcity and bad work. The Protectionist system required a new set of proverbs, such as these: "Want makes wealth," "Destroy and prosper," "Taxes are wages," "To have much produce less," "Blessed are the bad workmen and foolish capitalist, for they shall get abundance." It was consistently alleged that American industries needed protection, because American wages were higher than foreign wages. That was joining a wide inference to very inadequate premises. There was no ascertainable relation between wages and profits. The employer tried to keep wages down, just as he tried to keep down the cost and waste of raw material or wear of machinery. Profits and wages might both be high or both low at the same time, or one might be high and the other low. Instead of one being displaced by the other, they almost always went together, both high or both low at the same time. The above analysis of facts showed that protective taxes lowered wages, and that high wages were not a reason why protective taxes were necessary. The remuneration of labor was high because advantages were great. It would be higher if laborers were left alone to use advantages without any restraint or interference The more the case was studied in all its aspects, the more thoroughly was the free trade solution of it confirmed, because instead of becoming entangled in ridiculous absurdities it was found that all its relations were simple and consistent.

The next speaker was Cyrus Elder, of Johnstown, Pa., who commenced with the remark that as the Commission had just been entertained by the presentation of the English side of the question, it was appropriate that the American side should now be presented. He read extracts from letters of students, complaining they could not find at their colleges any teaching of the American doctrine of protection.

Another free trade argument was read by Charles M. Saulson, of New York, a journalist. His paper was entitled "Protection and Two of its Inconsistencies."

Arguments followed upon various subjects, and the Commission adjourned.

ARABI PASHA.

No Evidence Implicating Him in the June Massacre.

CAIRO, Oct. 16 —The evidence of Arabi's complicity in the June massacres is possibly insufficient to secure his conviction, but it leaves little doubt. "Not proved," rather than "Not guilty," will be the verdict of impartial minds.

The correspondence between Arabi and various persons, which fell into Gen. Wolseley's hands after the battle of Tel el Kebir, has reached the Foreign Office There are 800 documents in the correspondence.

At a private examination of the rebel prisoners most of them objected to being questioned in regard to events which occurred prior to the outbreak, Arabi especially urging they were covered by the general pardon issued by the Khedive. Arabi declared the June massacre was precipitated by the presence of the British fleet.

Sir Edward Mallet announces the trial of Arabi Pasha and his associates will not proceed unless they are defended by English counsel, while the Egyptian Ministry have informed Sir Edward they will not be responsible for the government of the country if English counsel is refused. Under the kinds of procedure unknown to Egyptian courts.

In regard to the defense of Alexandria, Arabi Pasha avers he acted under orders of the Khedive and continued the war after the bombardment by order of the National Council at Cairo.

LONDON, Oct. 16.—The Times says unless proper arrangements be made by the Egyptian authorities to secure a fair trial for Arabi Pasha and his fellow leaders, it is possible the British Government will require that they be handed back into English custody.

ALEXANDRIA, Oct. 16 —Baker Pasha, commissioned by the Khedive to reorganize the Egyptian army, proposes to concentrate on the line of the Cairo Railway the war material spread over Egypt, and select therefrom the equipment for the new army, and sell the surplus by auction.

CROP REPORTS.

Oats, Rye, Potatoes and Corn—Acreage and Yield.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 17.—The Department of Agriculture reports the average yield of oats will be somewhat higher than last year, or 29, and the product nearly as large a total of wheat, probably about 450,000,000 bushels.

The average yield of rye is 14 7 10 bushels, making a crop of 20 000,000 bushels, or nearly the same as reported by the Census.

The indicated average yield of barley is about 23 bushels per acre, aggregating 45,000 000 bushels.

The general average and condition of potatos is 81. In the South, the Ohio Valley, and in Michigan, Missouri and Nebraska, the average is 100 to 106 In the Northwest and in the Eastern and Middle States the condition is lower. Returns indicate a probable yield of 80 bu hels per acre on an area of nearly 2,000,000.

The yield per acre of corn will be reported in November. Now the condition averages 81, being very high in the South and comparatively low in the States of largest production. In Illinois, with eight per cent decrease per acre, the condition is only 72; in Iowa, 70; and in Ohio 87—these three states produced 40 per cent of the crops of 1881 A correct comparison of changes in area and condition points against a yield of 25 bushels per acre, as in the last year. The average of a series of years is between 26 and 27 bushels. New England will produce, according to October returns, 7,000,000 to 8,000,000, Middle States, 82,000,000; Southern States, 340,000,000; those north of Tennessee and west of Virginia and Pennsylvania, 1,200,000,000—an aggregate of 1,850,000,000. Later returns may slightly modify, but cannot materially increase this estimate.

Gen. McDowell's Retirement.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 4.—Major Gen. Irwin Mcdowell, commanding the military division of the Pacific will be placed on the retired list of the army on the 15th inst. The vacancy thus created in the list of Major-Generals will necessitate a number of promotions. From the best information attainable at this time, it is believed that Brig Gen. John Pope will be promoted to the rank of Major General, and C. A. G. W. Getty, of the Third Artillery, to the rank of Brigadier General. Major Gen J. M. Schofield will relieve Gen. McDowell from the command of the Division of the Pacific on the 15th inst.

Dissatisfied Mormons

SALT LAKE, Oct. 15 — The Mormon apostles filled two long standing vacancies in their ranks to-day by the election of George Teasdale and Heber J Grant. The latter is a young man, and far as known a unobjectionable. He is the first Mormon ever admitted to the apostles since the pretended revelation concerning plural marriage The selections cause general astonishment and chagrin, Teasdale being a conspicuously weak man intellectually and Grant a mere boy, not yet 30, while old, able and tried elders are ignored. It is understood John Taylor made the selections.

Congressman Thomas' Peril.

MURPHYSBORO, Ill., Oct. 14 —It is just learned that Wednesday night, while Congress-man Thomas was making a campaign speech at Carbondale, a man named Branson made an attempt to kill him with a large clasp knife, but being prevented stabbed John Caswell and would have done further injury had he not been knocked down and disarmed. The trouble originated in political hostility to Mr. Thomas. reasons for it.

likely she will has subscribed $800 for Penfever sufferers.

INGERSOLL'S BLAST.

He Proposes to Show that the Department of Justice Sought to Bribe the Star Route Jury—The Attorney General's Statement.

WASHINGTON, Oct. 16—The Post publishes an interview with Col Robert G Ingersoll, embodying a number of affidavits, which he makes public for the purpose of showing that several of the jurymen in the late star route trial were corruptly approached by employes of the Department of Justice, and that these employes regularly reported their proceedings from day to day to the Department or some officer thereof.

The first affidavit given is one made by Wm. Knox Brown, one of the jurors, on the 12th inst. as follows; "Arthur Payne came to affiant's house with an agreement with F. H. Fall, to be signed by the affiant, the effect that if affiant and Thomas Martin, also one of the jury, should vote to convict the defendants in the star route case, or if affiant's vote or that of Martin should hang the jury, then the affiant was to receive $2,500."

Then follows an affidavit of Thomas R. Foote, a resident of Washington until July last, and now of Newark, N. J., under date of September 26. He swears he was present when Payne was employed to corrupt the jury, and that he himself brought Payne to Fall for that purpose. He a so swears Fall gave him to understand he (Fall) was employed by the Government, and he was to get money from that Government to pay the amounts he had offered for the corruption of Brown and Martin Fall informed affiant he wanted the signature of Brown to the paper above referred to in order that he might show it to parties he was working for and thus obtain money.

Next comes the affidavit of James A. Nelson, of Washington, in which he swears he met Fall early last June, when Fall informed him he would be employed by the Department of Justice as the special detective in the star route cases Fall also stated he wanted two or three men working under him, who would make daily reports to him, and if Nelson was employed by him it would be in the capacity of special detective and that one part of Nelson's duty would be to watch the jurymen and see that no person tampered with them. Nelson swears subsequently he met with Fall to the Attorney General's office and there met Brewster Cameron. Fall told Cameron he thought Nelson's services would be valuable, and Cameron informed Nelson he would be placed on the rolls of the Department, at $50 per month. Nelson was to receive instructions from Fall. Some days later Fall instructed Nelson to see jurors Brown and Martin, two colored jurors, and say to them: "If they would vote for the conviction of Dorsey and Brady they would be well paid for it, and both have Government places at once after the trial."

Wm. R. Laws, a resident of Washington, swears that Fall approached him and endeavored to employ him to obtain evidence that one of the star route jurors had accepted a bribe in another case, and make an agreement in case the jury could not be broken to induce one or more of them to vote for the conviction of the defendants, so that the worst that could happen to the Government would be a hung jury.

Wm. Holmead, one of the jurors, on the 10th of September and 12th inst. swears that during the second week of the star route trial Fall came to his house to see him, alleging that the visit was at the instance of Attorney General Brewster, for the purpose of ascertaining whether he (Holmead) knew of any attempts of defendants to corrupt the jury, such information having come to the ears of the Attorney General. Fall told him that all the other jurors were under the ban of suspicion, that he was relying on him, as the Department had any confidence. He said, on this and one or two other occasions when Fall sought interviews with him, avoided the conversation as much as possible, but told Fall he had no knowledge of any attempts to corrupt the jury and defended with much zeal Dickson, Ulcott and Martin, whose names were mentioned as those being under suspicion by the Department. He promised, however, that he would do all he could to "ravel out any corruption he might hear of."

Edward Taylor's affidavit is to the effect that he was employed February 3, 1882, by Brewster Cameron, general agent of the Department of Justice in connection with the star route cases. On the 15th of June Taylor, at Cameron's request, brought to the Ebbitt House Fall, recommended to him as a good man for detective work. Cameron promised Fall $5 00) if he would produce evidence that a majority of the jurors had been bought by the defense. Fall said he would do it, but thought Merrick should not know anything about it Cameron, at a later interview, asked Fall if he was acquainted with any of the jurors. Fall replied he knew Juror Holmead intimately. Cameron said: "See Holmead and see what you can do with him." Fall promised to do so, and also to have Holmead sound the other jurors. Taylor met Cameron and Fall a few days later, when Cameron asked Fall if he had seen Holmead. Fall replied he had not. Cameron said it was very important he should do so; if Holmead and one or two other jurors could be secured who would hold out for the conviction of all, they might secure a compromise by which Brady and Kerdell would be convicted. Cameron also remarked he would prefer this to breaking the jury. Later in the day Fall told Taylor he had seen Holmead and Holmead said "Nothing had been proven against any of the defendants, but he would convict Kerdell on his face, because he believed him to be a rascal. Holmead had also told Fall all the jurors expected the defense to try to bribe them, but they had not done so. Later Taylor and Fall met Cameron, who said the Attorney General had concluded 'it would not do to break the jury, but he (the Attorney General) wanted evidence that the defense had bribed some of them, and then, with a hung jury after the trial was over, he (the Attorney-General) would use this evidence to prosecute the jurors, and it would go out to the world the defense had secured a hung jury by bribery, which would be almost as good as conviction.

PHILADELPHIA, Oct. 15.—The Attorney-General was asked what had been done in the star route bribery cases and what was being done, answered very promptly that much had been done in probing the matter to the bottom a great deal of testimony had been taken and much more yet had to be taken; that it would be impolitic now and irregular to disclose any of this evidence, as it would put some of the accused and guilty men on their guard; but this much he would say, that within a few days one or more of those persons in the Department of Justice who had been used as spies by the defendants, and who appear to be deeply implicated in the attempt to corrupt jurors on behalf of the defendants would be arrested; that he had ordered this upon evidence now before him. The defendants somehow or other having obtained knowledge of the Attorney General's intention, and knowing also that he had evidence of indisputable proof of the guilt of these instruments of theirs, would, within a few or no days, confess men and furnish a sensational article disclosing the facts that they were all along within their own knowledge taking credit as public informers, because they fear that if the story is not told the sudden arrest of their instruments would be a fatal blow. To avoid this effect it is believed the publication is to be made.

The Puddlers Request President Jarrett to Resign.

PITTSBURG, Oct. 16 —Since the failure of the iron strike evidences of internal dissensions in the Amalgamated Association have been cropping out, and the latest open revolt has been made by Mechanics' Lodge, which is composed of puddlers. They have issued a circular, in which they speak of the action of the finishers as cowardly and erring, and accuse Pres. Jarrett with having vacillating, timorous, derelict of his duty and over-sensitive to his personal dignity. With these assertions as a foundation, Mechanics' Lodge asks Pres. Jarrett to resign. They are endeavoring to get other lodges to join in the request. From the above it will be seen that the puddlers have not given up the fight for $6, but mean to strike when an opportunity offers.

The Waupaca Outrage.

MILWAUKEE, Oct. 13.—Two packages of notes taken from Mead, the murdered banker of Wauoaca, Wis. have so far been found, one the day after the deed in an alley in the rear of the bank, the other yesterday on the road leading out of the village. The exact amount of cash taken is ascertained to be only $854. The amount of bonds and notes taken can not be estimated yet, as most of them belong to depositors. The reward for the apprehension of the perpetrator amounts to $2,000.

New York State May be Carried by the Democrats

but their victory and gain will be of little value as compared to the owner of the lucky ticket which will draw the $30,000 prize in the Commonwealth Distribution Co.'s drawing, which takes place in Louisville, Ky , Tuesday, Oct 31st For tickets or information, address R M. Boardman, Louisville, Ky.

THE FLOWER CITY FURORE.

The Commotion Caused by the Statement of a Physician.

An unusual article from the Rochester, N. Y., *Democrat and Chronicle*, was published in this paper recently, and has been the subject of much conversation both in professional circles and on the street. Apparently it caused more commotion in Rochester, as the following from the same paper shows:

Dr J. B. Henion, who is well known not only in Rochester, but in nearly every part of America, sent an extended article to this paper, a few days since which was duly published, detailing his remarkable experience and recipe from what seemed to be certain death. It would be impossible to enumerate the personal enquiries which have been made at our office as to the validity of the article, but they have been so numerous that further investigation of the subject was deemed an editorial necessity.

With this end in view a representative of this paper called on Dr Henion, at his residence on St. Paul street, when the following interview occurred:

"What article of yours, Doctor, has created quite a whirlwind. Are the statements about the terrible condition you were in, and the way you were rescued, such as you can sustain?"

"Every one of them and many additional ones. Few people ever get so near the grave as I did and then return, and I am not surprised that the public think it marvelous. It was marvelous."

"How in the world did you, a physican, come to be brought so low?"

"By neglecting the first and most simple symptoms. I did not think I was sick. It is true I had frequent headaches; felt tired most of the time; could eat nothing one day and was ravenous the next; felt dull, indefinite pains, and my stomach was out of order, but I did not think it meant anything serious."

"But have these common ailments anything to do with the fearful Bright's disease which took so firm a hold on you?"

"Anything! Why, they are the sure indications of the first stages of that dreadful malady. The fact is, few people know or realize what ails them, and I am sorry to say that too few physicians do either."

"That is a strange statement, Doctor."

"But it is a true one. The medical profession have been treating symptoms instead of diseases for years, and it is high time it ceased. We doctors have been clipping off the twigs when we should strike at the root. The symptoms I have just mentioned or any unusual action or irritation of the water channels indicate the approach of Bright's disease as surely as a cough announces the coming of consumption. We do not treat the cough, but try to help the lungs. We should not waste our time trying to relieve the headache, stomach, pains about the body or other symptoms, but go directly to the kidneys, the source of most of these ailments."

"Is this, then, is what you meant when you said that more than one half the deaths which occur arise from Bright's disease, is it, doctor?"

"Precisely. Thousands of so called diseases are torturing people to-day, when in reality it is Bright's disease in some one of the many forms. It is a Hydra-headed monster, and the slightest symptoms should strike terror to every one of us into the thought. I can look back and recall hundreds of deaths which physicians declared at the time were caused by paralysis, apoplexy, heart disease, pneumonia, malarial fever, and other common complaints which I see now were caused by Bright's disease."

"And did all these cases have simple symptoms at first?"

"Every one of them, and might have been cured as I was by the timely use of Warner's Safe Remedy—Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure. I am getting my eyes thoroughly opened in this matter, and think I am helping others to see the facts and their possible danger also. Why, there are no end of truths bearing on this subject. If you want to know more about it go and see Mr. Warner himself. He was sick the same as I, and is the healthiest man in Rochester to-day. He has made a study of this subject, and can give you more facts than I can. Go to, and see Dr. Lattimore, the chemist, at the University. If you want facts there are any quantity of them showing the alarming increase of Bright's disease, its simple and deceptive symptoms, and there is but one way by which it can be escaped."

Fully satisfied of the truth and force of the Doctor's words, the reporter bade him good day and called on Mr. Warner at his establishment on Exchange street. At first Mr. Warner was inclined to be reticent, but learning that the information desired was about the alarming increase of Bright's disease, his manner changed instantly and he spoke very earnestly:

"It is true that Bright's disease has increased wonderfully, and we find, by reliable statistics that, in the past 10 years its growth has been 250 per cent. Look at the ground and men it has carried off: Everett, Sumner, Chase, Wilson, Carpenter, Bishop Haven and others. This is terrible, and shows a greater growth than that of any other known complaint. It should be plain to every one that something must be done to check this increase, or there is no knowing where it may end."

"Do you think many people are afflicted with it to-day who do not realize it, Mr. Warner?"

"Hundreds of thousands. I have a striking example of this truth which has just come to my notice. A prominent professor in New Orleans Medical college was lecturing before his class on the subject of Bright's disease. He had various fluids under microscopic analysis, and was showing the students what the indications of this terrible malady were. In order to show the contrast between healthy and unhealthy fluids, he had provided a vial, the contents of which were drawn from his own person. 'And now, gentlemen,' he said, 'as we have seen the unhealthy indications, I will show you how it appears in a state of perfect health,' and he submitted his own fluid to the usual test. As he watched the results his countenance suddenly changed—his color and command both left him, and in a trembling voice he said: 'Gentlemen, I have made a painful discovery; I have Bright's disease of the kidneys,' and in less than a year he was dead."

"You believe, then, that it has no symptoms of its own, and is frequently unknown even by the person who is afflicted with it?"

"It has no symptoms of its own, and very often none at all. Usually no two people have the same symptoms, and frequently death is the first symptom. The slightest indication of any kidney difficulty should be enough to strike terror to any one. I know what I am talking about, for I have been through all the stages of kidney disease."

"You know of Dr. Henion's case?"

"Yes, I have both read and heard of it."

"It is very wonderful, is it not?"

"A very proper term to use, but not more so than a great many others that have come to my notice as having been cured by the same means."

"You believe, then, that Bright's disease can be cured?"

"I know it can. I know it from the experience of hundreds of prominent persons who were given up to die by both their physicians and friends."

"You speak of your own experience, what was it?"

"A fearful one. I had felt languid and unfitted for business for years. But I did not know what ailed me. When, however, I found it was kidney difficulty I thought there was little hope and so did the doctors. I have since learned that one of the physicians of this City pointed me out to a gentleman on the street one day, saying: 'There goes a man who will be dead within a year.' I believe his words would have proven true if I had not fortunately secured and used the remedy now known as Warner's Safe Kidney and Liver Cure."

"And this caused you to manufacture it?"

"No, it caused me to investigate. I went to the principal Cities, saw physicians prescribing and using it and I therefore determined, as a duty I owed humanity and the suffering, to bring it within their reach and now it is known in every part of America, is sold in every drug store and has become a household necessity."

The reporter left Mr. Warner, much impressed with the earnestness and sincerity of his statements and next paid a visit to Dr. S. A. Lattimore, at his residence on Prince street. Dr. Lattimore, although busily engaged upon some matters connected with the State Board of Health, of which he is one of the analysts, courteously answered the questions that were propounded him:

"Did you make a chemical analysis of the case of Mr. H. H. Warner some three years ago, Doctor?"

"Yes, sir."

"What did the analysis show you?"

"The presence of albumen and tube casts in great abundance."

"And what did the symptoms indicate?"

"A serious disease of the kidneys."

"Did you think Mr. Warner could recover?"

"No, sir. I did not think it possible. It was seldom, indeed, that so pronounced a case had, up to that time, ever been cured."

"Do you know anything about the remedy which cured him."

"Yes, I have chemically analyzed it and upon critical examination, find it entirely free from any poisonous or deleterious substances."

We publish the foregoing statements in view of the commotion which the publicity of Dr. Henion's article has caused and to meet the protestations which have been made. The standing of Dr. Henion, Mr. Warner and Dr Lattimore in the community is beyond question and the statements they make, except for a moment be doubted. They conclusively show that Bright's disease of the kidneys is one of the most deceptive and dangerous of all diseases, that it is exceedingly common, alarmingly increasing and that it can be cured

The Markets.

REVIEW OF THE WEEK'S BUSINESS.

Financial.

OFFICE OF THE TOLEDO BLADE, WEDNESDAY, Oct. 18, 1882.

TRADE.

Advices from various points indicate a healthy condition of trade. The outlook for cotton is good. Dry goods move in volume equal to expectations The interest for manufactured lines is a little weaker. Coal is active. There were 195 failures reported by Bradstreet during the week in the United States, four more than the previous week.

To-day's reports up to latest hour by telegraph to the Blade say money is leading at 5 @ 7 cent. Prime mercantile paper at 6@8 @ cent. Bar silver, 113. Sterling Exchange steady at actual business, $4.81 for 60 days and $4.85¾ for sight. Government bonds firm State securities neglected. Railroad bonds about steady. Stocks—After 11 o'clock the market grew moderately active but was weak and under the lead of Wabash preferred a decline of 3@3½ @ cent. was recorded, in which Western Union, Wabash common, Northern Pacific, Kansas & Texas and Missouri Pacific were also conspicuous. At noon there was a fractional improvement.

Government Bonds—U. S. 5's extended, 101; 4½s coupons, 119¾; 4s coupons, 118¾; 3's, 101½; Pacific 6's, of '95, 129.

The following will show the changes in Government bonds during the week ended Tuesday, Oct. 17, in comparison with price on Tuesday, the week previous:

	Oct. 17.	Oct. 10
5s extended	101½	101¾
4½s coupons	119¾	119¾
4s coupons	118½	119½
3s coupons	101½	
Pacific 6s, '95	129	130

The following is the statement of the New York banks for the week ended Saturday:

Loans, decrease	$2,499,700
Specie, increase	1,502,900
Legal tenders, decrease	271,900
Deposits, decrease	—
Circulation, decrease	16,800
Reserve, increase	1,353,975

Banks now hold $1,505,401 less than legal requirements

The following shows the exports (exclusive of specie) from the Port of New York to foreign ports for the week ending Oct 10, and since the beginning of the year, as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year:

For the week:	1881	1882
Dry goods	$ 2,348,835	$ 2,657,959
General merchandize	7,163,270	6,258 7 9
Total for the week	$ 9 412,665	$ 8,946,718
Previously reported	320,194,131	290 772 675
Total since Jan. 1	$347,606,796	$299,719,493

The exports of specie for the week ending Oct 14, and since the beginning of the year, as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year:

	1881	1882
For the week	$ 7,761,545	$ 25,700
Previously reported	8,707,848	43,245 525
Total since Jan. 1	$ 8,983,473	$43 271,096

The imports of specie for the week ending Oct. 14, and since the beginning of the year, as compared with the corresponding period of the previous year:

	1881	1882
For the week	$ 1,597,783	$ 431,827
Previously reported	47 225,791	3,858 819
Total since Jan. 1	$48,823 574	$3,793,646

The United States Treasury now holds United States bonds to secure National bank circulation, $202,297,750; bonds deposited during the week, $2,856,000; bonds withdrawn during the week, $2,696,700. National bank currency outstanding: Currency notes, $362,588,670; gold notes, $808,854. The customs receipts at Washington on Monday amounted to $1,015 and internal revenue receipts to $150 212. The Treasurer received $220,000 in National bank notes for redemption the total of such receipts for the week, compared with the same week of 1881, being as follows:

	1881	1882
New York	$ 427 000	$450,000
Boston	91,000	95 000
Philadelphia	92,000	101,000
Miscellaneous	590,000	741,000
Total	$1,198,000	$1,481,000

THE MARKETS.

General Produce.

BUFFALO, Oct. 17.—Wheat unsettled and lower; sales 2,000 bu No 1 hard Duluth, 117@ 117½c. Corn quiet and scarce; 10